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PREFACE.

EAST FELICIANA.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF A COLONY OF THE CAROLINAS.

CLINTON, LA., October, 5, 1889.

Mr. Kilbourne :

MY DEAR SIR—I contemplate a work german to the title "role" in the performance of which I shall need the "*Patriot-Democrat*" as my coadjutor.

Inasmuch as the census of 1890 will, as is customary, compile and publish all needed statistical information relating to our material progress, the occasion appears to favor a systematic, well-considered endeavor on our part to attract the gaze of the home-seekers to our large area of waste and uncultivated fields, which are laying idle for want of laborers, and which are dirt cheap and are easily renovated.

A pamphlet containing a synopsis of the census statistics for East Feliciana would be brimful of valuable and reliable information; but would the average home-seeker read it unless it is accompanied by some pleasant pictures of the social life to which he is invited?

Those pictures, it is my design to draw in connection with a map of our parish by wards, giving to the history and genealogy, the social characteristics and progress of each geographical division, a separate sketch. As the sketches are drawn I venture to hope that the *Patriot-Democrat* and the other parish newspapers will aid in submitting them for inspection, amendment and revision, to the people of the ward sketched. If the papers will help me to that extent before the close of 1890, I expect to have compiled all the historical and genealogical material for a more than usual interesting *immigration pamphlet*.

It is universally conceded that we are badly in want of agricultural recruits, and it is almost as generally desired, while we will cordially welcome capital and labor from any quarter of the compass, that our agricultural recruits should be drawn from the ancient seats of the race which planted this colony early in this century.

In tracing back to the fountain head, it is as well to have it understood, that we make no pretension to a genealogical shield emblazoned with heraldic legends in panels of gules, argent or azure, resting not upon the fanciful creations of bards and his-

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torians—owing nothing to fabricated genealogies—nothing to the miraculous apparitions which usually usher in the birth of states.

Nevertheless we, have a line of ancestry for which we entertain affectionate reverence and cordial admiration, a line of ancestry, which unlike the shoddy and codfish aristocrats, we are anxious to trace out to its remotest antiquity.

Vast schemes of colonization were generated in the older settlements when Mr. Jefferson made proclamation, in October, 1803, that a boundless fertile unpopulated empire had been transferred the previous April by France to the United States. That famous state paper found eager readers among our immediate ancestors. A population clinging to the sides of the mountain ranges of the Carolinas and Southwestern Virginia, cultivating the narrow valleys of the Clinch and Holston, rugged as the crags; impetuous as the torrents of their native mountains, still full of the military spirit inspired by the camp fires and on the battlefields of the Revolutionary war—still rehearsing by the light of their pine torches, the shame of Camden and Guilford Courthouse and the glory of Saratoga, King's Mountain and Yorktown—still burning with patriotic fires which lighted Sumpter, Pickens, Laurens and all the heroic chiefs of cavalier and Huguenot strain the path to glory, and many a tory minion of King George the way to dusky death.

On such a population, restless and ill at ease, environed by the dull monotonies of peace paying unwilling homage to the authority of the law—relying more on their own valor and trusty rifles for that protection rarely extended by the laws in those early days to segregated and remote communities. On such a population the stirring announcement that a boundless and fertile empire, larger than the original thirteen states, for which they had risked their lives and freely shed their blood, lay to the south of them waiting to be peopled;—And the promise of homes in the genial south—land dazzled their imaginations, as did the spoils of England, the restless imaginations of the bold Feudal Chieftains who rallied to the standard of William Duke of Normandy.

Still hunting our genealogical source which is common to the population of each of the eight wards without groping in the dark, we can inquire a step farther back for the origin of the sturdy mountaineers, who colonized East Feliciana. We can go back to a settlement on the shores of Albemarle sound by the Cavaliers, fleeing from the cruelties and oppressions of Cromwell,—back to the settlement along the South Carolina sea coast by the persecuted Huguenots who after the siege of Rochelle, sought an asylum in the new world for the freedom of conscience denied them by Cardinal Richelieu and the Pope of Rome.

When the sea coast hives of the Cavaliers in North Carolina

and the Huguenots in South Carolina became overpopulated, they spread out in search of homes, the two lines of home seekers crossed and commingled among the mountain ranges of the Carolinas. From the commingling of these two lines sprang Marion, Sumpter, Laurens and Pickens, and many of the great southern chiefs of the Revolutionary war; and from the commingling of these two historical lines, we claim lineal descent.

If here amid the cain-brakes and vine clad forests of these southern wilds, we have constructed a civilization characterised by all the virtues of both lines of our haughty aristocratic forefathers, we arrogate to ourselves with pardonable pride some little credit.

If under the enervating influence of southern heats, our progress and development has been slow, when contrasted with the more populous, faster moving northern societies still we claim to be the better, happier, purer civilization, because we have maintained uncontaminated and undefiled the moral and social characteristics of our patriotic high strung ancestors and because no new fangled "ism" foreign or native has ever taken root in our societies which we have always jealously guarded against the poisonous preachings of visionary enthusiasts who come from abroad to teach them to be freer who know and feel that they are already as free as they ought to be—as free as they want to be.

By these cautionary acts of vigilance we have maintained our civilization, socially and politically free from the turbulent teaching of Irish saloonists and free from the socialistic heresies of the beer-guzzling Germans. Happy would it be for our country if the older and more trumpeted colonies of Jamestown, Plymouth Rock and Manhattan Island had preserved the civilization entrusted to them by their ancestors as jealously as we have guarded ours.

I send the *Patriot Democrat* this preparatory chapter of the more extended work I have in contemplation, hoping it will not prove too long for your space.

Yours truly,

H. SKIPWITH.

CLINTON, LA., October 16, 1889.

I am enabled, Mr. Editor, to send you this week, a few authentic incidents relating to the earliest movement of population in Ward No. One, first in antiquity, first in fertility, first in population, and therefore entitled to be first of my series of Ward Sketches. Tradition, corroborated by vestiges of a decayed Fort, Mission House, Cemetery and Store House, tell of a small centre of popula-

tion settled between Murdock's Ford on Thompson's Creek, and the great river and along the public thoroughfare leading from Baton Rouge, the metropolis of the political and ecclesiastical Power of Spain, in West Florida to St. Francisville, and the Church of St. Francis. An old blotter or day book, of Cochran & Rhea, an adventurous firm doing business in September, 1802, in the old store house now decayed, informs us from day to day until the close of 1803 who were the clients of that earliest commercial venture within the borders of our parish, and likewise discloses the names of many of the old pioneers who first awakened the primeval forests of East Feliciana with the echoing thuds of the woodman's axe.

Inasmuch as the junior partner of the old store on Thompson's Creek, by his marriage with one of old Dr. Raoul's (a French "Emigré") lovely daughters, founded a family which has played a prominent part in the material and social development of Ward One, and has moreover fastened his name and deeds conspicuously on the pages of history, I will devote a short paragraph, to keep green the memory of old Judge John Rhea, who in 1802 was merchant, planter and alcalde for Feliciana (an officer about the equivalent of parish judge in our system). The King of Spain's jurisdiction, as it was administered by his mild and benevolent old Anglo-Saxon alcalde, was doubtless equitable and paternal, and the people of that day lived contentedly under it. When, however, a few years later, the country began to fill up with the fiery Huguenot and cavalier immigrants from the Carolinas, and loud protests against monarchical government, began to stir the hearts of the Anglo-American communities, I am afraid the King of Spain's old Anglo-Saxon alcalde, blinded by the hot love of liberty characteristic of his race, forgot his royal master at Madrid, and in 1810 the alcalde figures prominently as member and president of the convention which founded and governed the free and sovereign State of West Florida.

From the old blotter of Cochran & Rhea's Thompson Creek store, I select the names which I conjecture became permanent factors in the advancing civilization of East Feliciana, many of them founding families which became identified with the development of the wards. While the old blotter rescues from oblivion the ancestors of many of the powerful and honored families of our parish, I notice, nevertheless, some notable omissions of pioneer names of Ward No. One who contributed largely and faithfully to the social elevation and agricultural development of that modern garden of Eden. Those notable omissions I shall endeavor to supply after preparing an alphabetical catalogue of the names of the clients of Cochran & Rhea, selected from the blotter of 1802 and 1803, to-wit:

Adville Aitkens, Giles Andrews, A. Brozina, James Brannon, Thomas Brannon, Asa Brashiers, Zadock Brashiers, Samuel Brashiers, Philip Brashiers, Henry Bradford, Sr., Henry Bradford, Jr., Nathan Bradford, John Buck, Peter Busky, Baily Chaney, James J. Chaney, James Clarke, James Cooper, Madam Como, Thomas Carney, Sr., Thomas Carney, Jr., Daniel Carney, Guy Carney, John Carney, Sr., John Carney, Jr., Thomas Carpenter, John Dortch, Doctor Flowers, John Gale, Llewellyn Colville Griffith, Baltor Hanmer, Battle Hanmer, Thomas Irwin, James Jackson, Watkins James, Michael Jones, Thomas Jones, John Keats, Peter Keller, Sr., Peter Keller, Jr., Nathan Kemper, Ira C. Kneeland, James Loudon, David Miller, William Miller, John McDonald, Manuel Montegudo, William Marbury, John Murdock, John McArthur, George Neville, Sybil Nash, John Nolan, Phœbe Owens, James Owens, Robert Owens, John Patterson, Vincente Pintado, Policarpio Rogillio, Amos Richardson, Zachariah Richardson, Henry Richardson, Theophilus Richardson, William James Richardson, William Reames, William Stewart, John Stewart, David B. Stewart, Abraham Speers, John Simms, Hugh Smith, Laban Smith, Jeremiah Smith, Abraham Smith, William Taylor, Mary Taylor, Thomas Vaughan, Robert Vaughan, Thomas Williams, David White, Elizabeth Waltman, David Waltman, William Walker, Thomas Young.

Parsons Carter, whose name is not in the blotter, a scion of the Carters of Shirley Hall in old Virginia, migrated from Natchez, certainly before the country passed from under the Spanish jurisdiction, and founded a home on the Baton Rouge and St. Francisville road, just where it emerges from Buhler's Plains. And nearly at the same time, Benjamin Kendrick, the maternal ancestor of the Flukers, began a clearing at Asphodel, the present ancestral seat of the Flukers. William D. Carter and Gen. Albert G. Carter lived near the oldest family seat, useful, public spirited citizens, warmly honored and loved by their neighbors. Many of the descendants of Gen. A. G. Carter still uphold the social prestige of the family, in close vicinity to their ancestral seat. The same honorable characteristics have developed in the line of old Mr. Ben Kendrick's descendants. At a later day, there came into the ward Gen. Felix Huston, of Texas "Crab Orchard" fame, and his next neighbor, Capt. James N. Chambers, an "eleve" of West Point, who having married a daughter of the rich and powerful Relfs, of New Orleans, opened a large plantation along the banks of Thompson's Creek, over the site of the old Fort, Mission House and store. These two comparatively new comers became able and zealous coadjutors of the Carters and Flukers and the pioneers who figured on the old blotter of 1802.

It is a merited tribute to the wonderful fertility and dura-

bility of the fine old ward, to emphasize the statement that notwithstanding its cultivation commenced with the present century there is scarcely an acre of land under fence that is not producing, in this year of grace, 1889, its bale of cotton.

I found in the old blotter of Cochran & Rhea the following entry: "To Robert Owens, \$1.00 for taking care of goods *at the landing*," and I am admonished by it that Ward No. One has a history which has a *commercial* side as well as a social and agricultural side, and its commercial development will form the staple of the sketch which I intend to send you next week.

CLINTON, LA. October 9th, 1889.

Very suggestive is the following entry from Cochran & Rhea's blotter of 1802, to wit;

"To Robert Owens, \$1.00 for taking care of goods at landing."

Inasmuch as East Feliciana had before 1832 scarcely enough front on the Mississippi river to afford a wharf for an ordinary sized flat boat, and that small river front was her only port for imports and exports in the days of flat boats and keel boats, as carriers for the produce, transported by ponies, along bridle paths through the cane thickets, and raised by primitive "scooter" plow with wooden shovel boards and hoes, both of which were cherished because they had been "*compagnons de voyage*" all the way from the Carolinas and as further more the cotton production was limited to the consumption required by hand looms and spinning wheels, it stands to reason that the increase of the tides of commerce which flowed in and out of our only gate, signified when the area of production was increasing; that the laborers in the Eastern Wards had gathered into the harvest field in larger numbers, that the bridle paths had been widened, and that therefore the demand for flat and keel boats had increased.

Tradition has kept us of the present generation well posted regarding the primitive methods of agriculture and commerce which supplied the simple wants of our ancestors. There is not a doubt that the store of Cochran and Rhea on Thompsons creek did receive its stock of western produce from *descending* flat boats at the "Landing" at the foot of the Bluffs, on the top of which at a late date was built the "Town of Port Jackson," and it is equally apparent that the Thompsons creek store received its supplies of family groceries and general merchandise by *ascending* keel boats loaded by the New Orleans house of Cochran & Rhea and cordelled up stream.

As the area of production was enlarged in the Eastern portion of the parish, there arose in the interior two formidable commercial rivals of the Thompsons creek store, Mr. William Silliman, the founder of the renowned seat of education "The Female Colegiate Institute" of Clinton, and Mr. David Pipes, who migrated at an early date from Natchez. Both established a store in the Northeastern portion of the parish. Mr. David Pipes was the father of the present State Treasurer and of one of our members of the general assembly.

The cheap and primitive methods of those old merchants, in conducting the agricultural and commercial affairs of the parish are worthy of a detailed description. Either Mr. Silliman or Mr. Pipes would buy a flat boat and cargo moored at Port Jackson, flying at her peak the Wabash coat of arms an emblem which needed neither Hoosier nor Garter King at arms to interpret. Its realistic legend was symbolized by a flag staff with a mammoth Irish potato, a big ear of corn, a golden hued apple and a side of bacon pendant, and at the topmost peak, a bottle of whiskey, rampant. This purchase was notified to all their clients through all the Eastern wilds, and a day appointed to send in the years catalogue for Western produce, and for the delivery of a corresponding amount of cotton at the "Landing." As the long train of wagons dumped their cotton bales, the drivers were called into the flat boat, and the articles designated on the owner's list were loaded on his empty wagon; as the cotton passed down the Western produce passed up, and when the ark of the Wabash was discharged of its original cargo it was reloaded with cotton bales. The whole transaction would be completed in a few hours, and, than with Captain Silliman or Captain Pipes at her helm and with three or four stalwart Africans at the oars, the clumsy old Wabash "Broad Horn" would leave behind her the Bluffs of Port Jackson and soon be wafted out of sight by the ceaseless currents of the great river on their way to the Sea. Ordinarily the voyage was uneventful, but on one occasion, Captain Pipes tied his rich load of fleecy staple to the New Orleans shore, too late at night to make a sale of it, which added another night to the risk of his voyage. "That was the longest night and the most unpleasant I ever lived through" as the old gentleman used to tell. "I was awakened during the night by the whirling of the tempest, the deafening roar of the wild waters and the violent bumping of the boat against the bank. I jumped out of my berth, grabbed a lighted pine torch, and forgetting my pants, in the hurry and excitement, rushed ashore yelling like a wild Indian to wake up the sleepy headed negroes. I danced almost a hornpipe up and down, brandishing the flambeau and yelling to wake up the sleeping Africans. At last one wave bigger than its fellows, lifted the

old flat boat on the levee, and there she lay next morning, like her ante type on mount Ararat.

"After the storm abated and the waters became calm" continued the narrative of Capt. Pipes, "I became conscious that I was wet as a drowned rat by the sprays from the surging waves, and moreover that I was a 'sans culotte's for the first time.'"

Pursuant to custom a sale of the flat boat and cargo was made to those merchant princes, Nathaniel and James Dick, the largest and almost the only cotton buyers in New Orleans, and a flat boat and cargo in those days passed to them without any labored figuring for freight, insurance, drayage, tare, sampling, scalage, storage or stealage. Under the influence of such cheap, honest and equitable methods, the country prospered, and as wealth poured in, production increased with magical celerity.

COMMERCIAL PROGRESS OF WARD NO. ONE.

About 1832 the exports and imports through Port Jackson, had become too large for the carrying capacity of the slow going flats and keels; the old wagon roads between the Amite River and the "Landing" were growing into desuetude, too slow for the fast ideas developed by an era of great prosperity. A railroad from Clinton to the river was projected; Port Jackson had too small a port and was too closely identified with the slow methods of the olden times. An Act of the Legislature of 1832 wiped out famous old Port Jackson and a landing more commodious, with a larger front was captured by Statute from East Baton Rouge in anticipation of the vast streams of commerce which were to flow from the construction of the railroad from Clinton. In 1834 three regular steam packets were plying in the Port Hudson trade. With the development of the new river port, came a new set of merchants under whose adventurous and enterprising spirit arose, parallel to the river, a densely crowded row of handsome and costly warehouses, stores, saloons and hotels, between which and the steamboats a long line of loaded country wagons plied almost incessantly.

As memory calls up for review the familiar features and forms of the thrifty, bustling, scheming guild of old Port Hudson merchants who were shaping, with so much sagacity, the commercial rise of their young town by the side of the great river; and who were like skilful alchemists converting the streams of commerce which touched their wharves into golden bars; it would be singular if the burly figure of ROBERT W. TROTH were to be omitted from the line under review. He was the most intricate and involved character study, I ever met, and

he was endowed with more conflicting qualities—more irreconcilable characteristics—more warring forces than ever human tenement was equipped with. Nevertheless with many weak and inconsistent sides, Mr. Troth had no mean side. He was a liberal giver and ever had an open hand and heart for melting charity. He carried within his big burly frame two distinct individualities. Indisputably he was a dashing and bold devotee of the fascinating game of Draw Poker, a game then much in vogue at Port Hudson, and he was moreover when breathing the pure and calm atmosphere of the church, a sober, devout and reverent christian, earnestly sincere, I always thought.

And besides these commendable traits, Brother Troth had ingratiated himself with the congregation as a fervid, eloquent, persuasive leader in prayer, who could lift his hearer in imagination from above the petty schemes of this transitory sphere. But as soon as the fervor of his fiery exhortations cooled down—as soon as our impulsive brother could escape the espionage of the "rigid righteous"—as soon as he had left behind him the salutary influence of the church our brother, Alas! would make an unconditional surrender to the Demon of Draw Poker!

Often have I watched Brother Bob impatiently pacing up and down the guards of our Sunday packets, with troubled frowning brow, revolving perhaps the knotty question, "How to break down the inconvenient barrier between *Piety* and *Sunday Draw Poker*!" at last the troubled, thoughtful brow would become smooth, and Bro. Troth, with a bland smile, and the ingenuity of a skilled casuist, would announce as a maxim, incontrovertible, "There must be somewhere a limit to the jurisdiction of the church. I fix it at three fathoms depth, just as Vattel fixes three miles from the shore as the limit of the jurisdiction of nations." Henceforth a small game of "Draw" up in the Texas would receive from Brother Troth unreserved acquiescence and approval and lively participation.

Notwithstanding Brother Bob's manifold treasons to the church, perpetrated under the cloak of his ingenious "three fathoms" theory, his usefulness as a class leader continued unimpaired until one memorable night, when his avenging Nemesis overtook and assaulted him in the very sanctuary while clinging devotedly to the horns of the altar. And thus it happened: In the calm and peaceful twilight of a Sabbath evening, Bro. Troth, in the midst of one of his most fiery and stirring invocations, paused to pump a fresh supply of air into his exhausted lungs preparatory to a higher flight. During the ill-fated pause there came from one of the open windows a voice, in *basso profundo* inquiring: "Who won that Big Pot at two o'clock this morning?" and from an opposite window there came in shrill, clear tones the incriminating answer, "BOB TROTH! BOB TROTH!" Amid such embarrassing aspects, the orator lost the thread of

his eloquent and fiery discourse; the sobs and tears of the excited congregation gave way to smothered sniggers and indignant groans, and a star fell that night from out of the galaxy of exhorters, "like Lucifer never to rise again."

Having, in the preceding sketches of the *First Ward* of East Feliciana, shown how old Port Hudson rose rapidly in commercial importance as the shipping point for the products of a big, fertile back country, and as the distributing point for the western produce floated down on the broad horns out of the Wabash and Ohio valleys, and having shown, how, by the formation of a batture in front, its harbor has filled up, its wharves have disappeared under the deposits of the Mississippi's slime, how its warehouses are rotting down, given over to the bats, snakes, and frogs, and how, alas! its commercial glory has faded, and its bustling merchants have become dust. It is a pleasure to turn to the rise of a compensating social and commercial centre, to supply the missing influences which old Port Hudson used to exercise on the growth of the *First Ward*. These compensating influences are developing rapidly in

THE TOWN OF SLAUGHTER,

a thriving, fast growing, incorporated town of two hundred houses, situated on both sides of the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas Railway, just on the dividing line between the First and Second Wards, 300 yards north of the line which divides East Feliciana from East Baton Rouge, 108 miles north of New Orleans, *nineteen* miles north of the capital of Louisiana, *thirteen* miles southwest of the seat of justice of East Feliciana, *the point of junction of the Woodville and Bayou Sara R. R.* with the main trunk of the L. N. O. and T. R. R. Besides its railways centreing on it, SLAUGHTER's geographical position is so favorable as to promise rapid future growth and a large aggregation of commercial capital and population. It holds under natural tribute without a competitor, all the country west of it, between it and the Mississippi, and by the same natural ties, all the country east of it, between it and the Amite river, and bids fair with such advantages to become a formidable rival to its older commercial competitors, viz: Clinton, Bayou Sara, Port Hickey and Woodville.

SLAUGHTER is situated on a well-chosen rolling site with great natural advantages redounding perceptibly to the health and longevity of its bustling throng of energetic citizens; its natural drainage is so perfect that the heaviest downpours of rain, pass out of sight as if by magic, leaving its streets and sidewalks clean and dry in a very few minutes. Its architecture, which bears the stamp of the useful and solid, consists of a num-

ber of large and commodious warehouses, storehouses, the railroad depot, and Mr. Oscar Howell's renowned Windsor Hotel, a Methodist and a Baptist church, Kernan Institute and two or three preparatory schools, some public and some private. And its suburbs are adorned by many handsome, pleasant private residences and cottages.

When its tributary country, east and west, becomes fully developed by the inflow of immigrants and capital, its present productive capacity will soon increase ten-fold, and in that event it is not unreasonable to predict that Slaughter will grow into a populous and prosperous centre of commerce and population.

CLINTON, LA., NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

SKETCH OF THE SECOND WARD.

If a landscape painter, with palette, brush and canvass, and an artist's eye for the beautiful in Nature, would take his stand on the highest hill of the dividing ridge between Comite river and Redwood creek, and half way between Pine Grove Church on the North, and Olive Branch Church and camp ground, on the South, his admiring gaze would be attracted on his right hand by a scope of country 17,500 acres in area, its surface marked by curvatures and undulations, as gentle as the waves of old Ocean, at peace in a calm; and in the trough of each of these graceful undulations he would discern the tops of the tall, waving ever green canes which fringe the margins of the dry bayous, marking their course towards the eastern or western stream of living water, indicating to a practiced eye, deep pockets which serve as cisterns, beneath the umbrageous canes, which carry a water supply failing only in periods of prolonged drouth. These same green curtains often conceal from view a rippling, gurgling dancing stream of living waters, fed by perpetual springs gushing out of the dividing range of hills. At the same glance he would behold a surface nearly equally divided into forests, pastures and cultivated fields. In this "*coup d'oeil*" he would find spread on his canvass *one half* of Ward Number Two.

To make a more faithful and complete picture he would paint on the ward's eastern boundary a small river, meandering through dense screens of canes and forest trees on its ceaseless course towards the sea—receiving invigorating contributions from Widow's creek, Knighton's Branch and Olive Branch—watering and fertilizing along its wide margin of fertile valley, many generous acres, each, with its native, unaided forces capable of producing 500 lbs. of lint cotton, or 50 bbls. of corn, or 40 bushels of rice, or two hogshheads of sugar. Far away

to the *South*, he would paint a long line of slow-moving, cotton laden wagons toiling westward from Olive Branch Church and Camp Ground to the thriving little railroad town of Slaughter. On the Ward's extreme *Northern* line he would bound the landscape with a long train of railroad cars, heavily laden with cotton bales piled as high as safe carrying would allow, flitting speedily from east to west, from beautiful Clinton to busy, growing Ethel. On its extreme *western* boundary he would spread upon his canvass heavy screens and curtains of canes and forest trees, denoting the rapid, winding movement of a large stream of running water, and parallel and close to the stream he would paint the bustle and stir of a great railroad, which has carried to market in one day *Twelve Thousand Bales of Cotton*.

And then continuing his line of vision by the aid of a powerful telescope he might take into his landscape the twelve miles of snow white fields of Ward No. One lying between the railroad and the Father of waters—the ever moving interminable lines of steam boats and barges, bearing to the sea the products of the Pennsylvania and *West Virginia* mines, the harvests of eighteen powerful, prosperous and happy commonwealths; and carrying on its ascending lines back to St. Paul and Bismark the fruits of the Northern and Eastern looms; the silks, hats, gloves, laces and gewgaws of the old world's metropolis of taste and fashion and huge hogsheads and barrels of sugar and molasses of Louisiana. With such a *tout ensemble* he would have a picture lovelier and grander than the scenery that greeted the admiring gaze of the inspired Hebrew Prophet and Law Giver, when he ascended from the plains of Moab to the top of mount Pisgah, to see the beautiful land that was promised to the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and die.

This was the scene, with the railroads and steamboats left out, whose genial climate, generous soil and lovely features, attracted with its miraculous beauty, the roving Carolina home seekers of 1804-'5-'6, appealing to them with resistless eloquence to abandon their restless, roaming methods of life and settle down to permanent home building, this was the lovely land in which those bold adventurers from the Carolinas; the Kirklands, Westons, Hanseys, Brashiers, Chapmans, Hays, Knightons, Ingrahams, Griffiths, Crofts, Gayles, Edwards, Overtons, Packers, Whites, Clarks, Burnetts, Bradfords and Rheams founded their seats and raised their home altars and settled down to permanent home building.

I know there are doubting Thomases, who will question the fidelity of such a lovely panorama in the heart of a "decaying community" like East Feliciana has been erroneously styled. But they can see for themselves all the materials for just such

a picture in traversing any fair day the *thirty-five thousand* acres of the second ward, of which “’tis true, ’tis pity ’tis true” there are *twenty-seven thousand* acres, of forest and field, lying, to-day, waste, idle and unproductive. Because when the war of the sections closed, the bones of the former proprietors and their sons lay bleaching on the battle fields, and the emancipated race, left to shift for themselves, without the fostering care of “old Massa” and his gallant sons, migrated to the sugar fields.

In candor and in simple justice I will add to correct the impression which is made by the fact of such an immense body of uncultivated land that there is some chronic incurable cause for it, that the decay and desolation which seems to hover like a black pall over so many seats of former wealth and prosperity is more *apparent* than *real*, which is clearly demonstrated by the achievements of a few German farmers, who, a few years ago, bought, at a very low figure, some of the abandoned lands, and have already restored them to their pristine vigor and fertility and have harvested from the present years crop a little more than 500 lbs. of lint cotton, and over 50 barrels of corn to the acre. In further demonstration it may be added that these German farmers have paid with the generous products of the renovated soil, the purchase price of their possessions, they have protected their holdings with good strong fences, under which they have constructed comfortable dwellings, barns, stables and out-houses, gardens and orchards, and are surrounded by fat horses and mules, and fat cattle and hogs. And while doing all this they have erected a commodious German Methodist Church, which likewise serves as a school house, for the flaxen haired, blue eyed little Teutons.

Will the toiling, overburdend, ill requited tillers of the worn out fields of the Carolinas still turn a deaf ear to the urgent appeals of the children of their children, to come and help restore the homes which their children founded in 1804-’5-’6? Will the heavily handicapped and mortgaged farmers of the West still hesitate to abandon the inclement climate which shortens life and impairs all its brief pleasures, to bring his money and labor to a climate in which the Orange tree was once an indigenous growth, and ripened its fruit in the open air just as any other orchard tree—to a climate and soil, where there is fertile land for a multitude of workers at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$10 per acre? Before closing this long sketch of one eighth of East Feliciana, I desire to say a few words descriptive of the movements and methods of the early pioneers.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The pioneer days of the second ward—the days of hand looms, spinning wheels and scooter plows with wooden shovel

boards, developed some rare and estimable characters. Among the first to come and the last to leave was old "Uncle Daniel Cleveland," a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell, the Great Protector. He laid down a constable's staff in South Carolina to found a new home to which he brought all his household effects, farming implements and kitchen utensils, stored carefully in a tobacco hogshead. In his new home he lived and raised a numerous and powerful family which multiplied and prospered exceedingly, and in which, after seventy years of useful, virtuous and happy life, he died. Old Uncle Daniel was moreover a model Democrat of the "Old Hickory" type, who never kicked nor scratched a ticket and in his later days, had a word of forgiveness for all his enemies—except "the silk stockinged, ruffle-shirted whigs," of which this writer was one.

The religious movement developed early. The first house of worship was built in the centre of the neighborhood in which the Bradfords, Rheams, Clarkes and Tubbervilles settled. It was built of logs near Redwood creek and was probably served by those two admirable types of Wesley's itinerants, Rev. David Pipes, of the 5th Ward of East Feliciana, and Rev. Barnabas Pipkin, of St Helena.

Later, after Olive Branch Meeting House and Camp Grounds were founded, the Rev. Isaac Wall, another earnest and marked type of Wesley's itinerants, came to garner in the harvest fields.

When civilization came into the primitive forests and cane brakes, with luxury in its train, the early pioneers built them saw mills along the Comite and Redwood and registered an edict of banishment against the old log house, with its rough puncheon floor. The first progressive step towards the luxury of civilized architecture in the ward was taken by Mr. Joseph Kirkland, who had come into the wilderness as early as 1802, commissioned, perhaps, like the two spies of Joshua, "to view the land of Canaan," and who having reported back to the South Carolina Procurators that it was a good land for them to come to and bring their wives, their little ones and their cattle, to build a home and divide an inheritance; remained and commenced the work of development, a year or two in advance of the arrival of the main column of immigrants. Mr. Kirkland having access to no better lumber supply, commenced at a very early day with cross cut saw and whip saw to manufacture the material for the first frame building ever erected in ward number two. That venerable pile of hand manufactured lumber has a history coeval with the progress of civilization in the ward. It is not only the most durable, best constructed, but the cheapest pile of lumber ever modeled. Tradition laughingly describes the closing scenes in the construction of this renowned old edifice. Mr. Joe Kirkland, a gentleman of lavish and hospitable tastes,

sent couriers into all the neighborhood as his splendid mansion approached completion to invite the neighbors to a housewarming frolic on a stated day.

When the guests, attired in all the primitive finery of the cane brakes, ascended to the second story, with the fiddles, and filled the spacious corridors and rooms with mirth, music and dancing, the architects, painters, plasterers and glaziers, all creditors of the hospitable giver of the feast, stood around dressed in their homely every day working garb, quite unconsidered and neglected by the fine birds up-stairs. In this unpleasant predicament the thrifty ancestor of the Kirklands spied his hungry creditors and commiserating the undeserved neglect which had left them out of the programme of amusements, considerably invited them into a small room in the basement and proposed as a pastime a game of "Old Sledge" or "Draw." The same gossiping tradition goes on to say that Mr. Kiakland devoted all that night, in the little basement room, to hospitably administering to the amusement of his little band of mechanic friends, and that the next morning their liens had been miraculously extinguished by amicable process known to the law as "confusion" and very early next morning the late lien creditors were out canvassing the parting guests for a new job.

The liens being thus extinguished, the title to the house passed, soon afterwards, clear of incumbrance, to Gen. E. W. Ripley, the renowned hero of Bridgewater battle and the first commander of this military department after Chalmette. At the death of Gen. Ripley, the fine property of which I have been writing, which stands in perfect repair to-day two hundred yards north of the line of railroad from Clinton to Ethel, became the property by purchase of the late B. M. G. Brown, a native of Darlington District, South Carolina, for many years the honored and trusted sheriff of East Feliciana. At Mr. Brown's death Mr. C. C. Brown and his co-heirs became the owners.

In conclusion let me emphasize the fact that Nature has so equitably distributed her choice gifts as to endow nearly every quarter section of these abandoned lands with winter pasturage and shelter of evergreen canes, shading a sufficient water supply for cattle. And furthermore there is scarcely a quarter section that has not its valley affording a few acres of land capable of producing a *bale of cotton to the acre* without fertilizers. Hoping my picture will attract capital and labor from harsher climes and less productive soil, I am, yours truly,

H. SKIPWITH.

NOTE.—Since the above sketch was closed, ready to hand to the publisher, Mr. A. J. Hawsey, grandson of the hardy old

pioneer, Zadock Hawsey, informs me that he fenced in last winter a piece of abandoned land in his vicinity and has this year, with one hand working thirty acres on shares, harvested 200 barrels of corn and *twenty-three bales of cotton!* These figures incontestibly demonstrate that farming on the abandoned lands of Ward No. 2 DOES PAY.


H. SKIPWITH.

ETHEL.

A town of about 50 houses and about 100 inhabitants situated at the junction of the Clinton Bend with the main trunk line of the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas Railroad seven miles west of Clinton (the Court House,) and five miles east of Jackson a prosperous and popular commercial and educational seat, for which it is the principal shipping, receiving and distributing "entre pot."

Ethel is just on the line dividing of the *First, Second and Third Wards*, seated on an eminence which slopes for half a mile, gradually, on the east toward Redwood, a creek fed by perpetual springs, and which rewards the fisherman with fine strings of perch, trout and blue cat fish. It boasts a Post office, commodious depot, fine school, a Presbyterian church, a good hotel and livery stable, and several enterprising merchants, engaged in receiving and forwarding their freights, to the surrounding farmers, and in buying or shipping their crops. Contiguous to Ethel are many large bodies of abandoned lands, which were once highly esteemed for their great productive capacity, but which have had a rest of twenty-five years, since the old system of labor was abolished; those abandoned lands; are mostly fertile patches which were never worn out, and can be easily and cheaply, restored to their full productive capacity which they originally had, and can be bought on very reasonable terms. All the territory, tributary as a feeder to the commerce of Ethel, ranks among the best in East Feliciana. Its tributary, territory, now laying waste, idle and unproductive when fostered and regenerated, by a fair supply of capital and labor, each acre will produce 50 bushels of corn and 2000 lbs. of cotton in the seed, and all other agricultural productions suited to the climate in the same proportion. The character of the lands tributary to Ethel for health, for picturesque scenery, and abundant good water for man and beast, is not excelled in any other locality in East Feliciana or any other place in Louisiana.

Worthy's * Hotel,

HEADQUARTERS FOR
COMMERCIAL MEN,
BOARD  LODGING

AT REASONABLE RATES.

Livery and Feed Stable.

Mail hack leaves hotel twice a day for Jackson.

• Express and Baggage promptly delivered.

HORSES AND BUGGIES TO HIRE AT LOWEST PRICES.

W. W. WORTHY, Propr. - - ETHEL, LA.

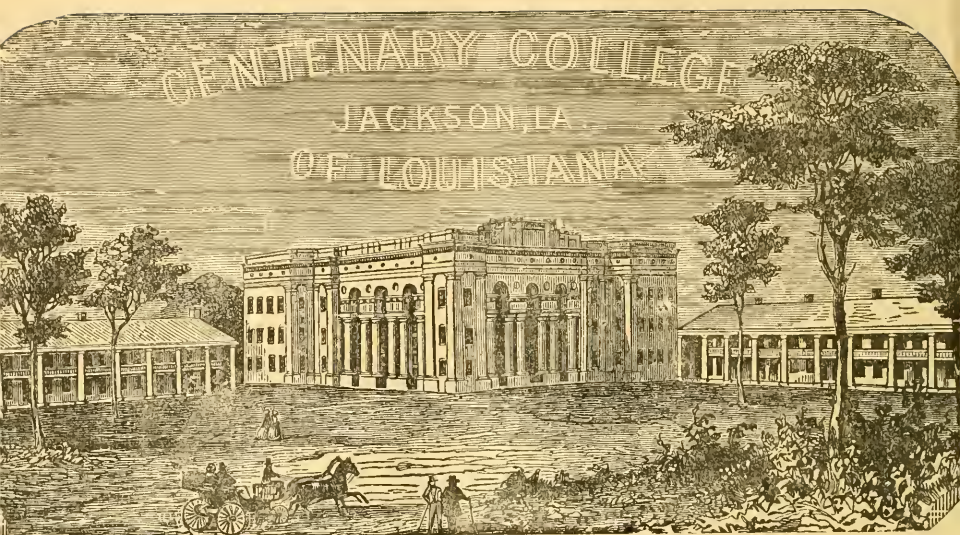
W. W. WORTHY,

— DEALER IN —

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES and GENERAL SUPPLIES.

ETHEL, - - - LA.



Centenary * College,

REV. W. L. C. HUNNICUTT, D. D., PRESIDENT,

JACKSON, LA.

FACULTY.

Rev. W. L. C. HUNNICUTT, D.D. *Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*
 G. H. WILEY, A. M., - *Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages.*
 R. H. MCGIMSEY, A. B., - - - *Professor of Mathematics.*
 J. M. SULLIVAN, B. A. - - *Professor of Chemistry and Physics.*
 A. R. HOLCOMBE, M. D. - *Professor of Physiology and Hygiene.*
 Rev. B. M. DRAKE, A. B. - *Professor English Law and Literature.*
 Rev. ROBERT H. WYNN, B. A. - *Principal of Preparatory Department.*
 Mrs. E. M. HUNNICUTT - - *Assistant in Preparatory Department.*
 Mrs. R. H. MCGIMSEY, - - - *Teacher of Vocal Music.*

CHARGES.

College Classes, 5 months, - - - - -	\$30 00
Preparatory Classes, 5 months, - - - - -	20 00
Contingent Fee, 5 months, - - - - -	2 50
Matriculation (College Class,) - - - - -	5 00
Table Board, per month, - - - - -	10 00
Board in Private Families, all things furnished, \$12.00 to 16 00	

Centenary College was founded in 1839, the centenary year of Methodism; hence its name. It was first located near Brandon, Mississippi, but was moved to Jackson, Louisiana, in 1845, and called "Centenary College of Louisiana."

Its grand center building, erected shortly before our civil war, and the two wings, containing dormitories, make it a very commodious collegiate establishment.

Previous to the late war it was prosperous, having several hundred students. In common with all monetary interests in our Southland, the endowment and property of the college suffered much from the effects of this war. For some years its fortunes waned and its hopes languished; but more recently it has shared the reviving prosperity of the country and its prospects are annually brightening.

Its plan of endowment, relying largely, though not wholly upon the interest-bearing notes of individual friends, has already put new life into the college, and promises to be the means of establishing it in permanent prosperity and usefulness.

Besides the general tone of good morals prevailing at this college, the Biblical instruction of all the students and especially the opportunities afforded to students for the ministry, of whom there are annually about twenty in attendance, are marked features of the institution. The literary societies, the libraries and the Y. M. C. A. are powerful auxiliaries in the work of the college. Its faculty now numbers ten professors and teachers, and the majority of its students are orderly and studious. Its list of graduates, running back as far as the year 1825, contains the names of many of the most worthy and distinguished men in Louisiana and the adjacent States.

Such an institution is at once a blessing and an honor to the Parish of East Feliciana and to the State of Louisiana.



PIONEERS OF THE THIRD WARD.

A moving panorama truthfully depicting the march of civilization in the Third Ward of East Feliciana would lift the curtain in 1802 and disclose the Carneys and Rogillios felling the canebrakes and fighting the panthers and bears over the identical land now included within the corporate limits of the town of Jackson.

That was the nucleus that attracted the Scotts, Winters, McKneelys, Kellers and McCants from Union District, South Carolina in 1805, the Brians from Darlington District, and Benj. Fauvre and Temple Nix, from Edgefield District, S. C., in 1806; the Easts, also from Edgefield District, in 1812, and from the same source the Singletarys; the Fishburns from Connecticut and the McQueens from the pine woods of North Carolina lying between Wilmington and Fayetteville. Many of whom found not only good lands but good wives among the primeval canebrakes and forests in Jackson and its immediate vicinity and many of those who have been conspicuous in shaping the civilization of the ward trace their genealogy to a graft of the South Carolina blood upon the old Carney and Rogillio stock.

To attempt to sketch the progress of civilization in the third ward without keeping Jackson conspicuously in the foreground of the picture would be as absurd as putting the play of Hamlet on the stage without the eccentric Prince of Denmark. So essential to the picture is an authentic memoir of the growth of Jackson that I have postponed the preparation of my sketch of the ward in order to find out when Jackson became the seat of justice of the County of Feliciana. Many people erroneously believe that the county of Feliciana had no larger boundaries than those which now include the two parishes of East and West Feliciana.

Inasmuch as it confers added metropolitan dignity upon the oldest third ward center of population and school of civilization, I will call attention to the proclamation of Governor Claiborne issued at St. Francisville, December 7th, 1810, defining the limits of the county of Feliciana to be "all the territory lying west of the Perdido river and east of the Mississippi river, bounded north by the line of demarkation and south by the sea, the lakes and Bayou Manchac" and fixing the seat of justice at St. Francisville. And in St. Francisville the judges, Martin, Mathews and Lewis, held terms of the Superior Court of the Territory of Orleans continuously until 1812, in which year the judges were compelled to abandon their regular term of court by threats of violent resistance from the people of St. Francisville and vicinity. Hence I deduce the conclusion that Jackson was selected as the seat of justice, of the largest county in the United States, in 1813, and thereby became the depository of the judicial records

of a territory larger in area than Rhode Island or Delaware. That is an episode in the history of the oldest seat of third ward civilization not generally known. It may however have had a tendency to enhance the social and political influence of the center over the extremities and may have conducted, in after years, to bring to a small and inland town the first educational foundation and grandest charity of Louisiana. The Insane Asylum is still in Jackson and needs no further notice in this sketch, “College of Louisiana” which was established in 1825, having for alimony \$5000 per annum, all the school funds of both Felicianas and all the monies derived from gaming licensees in New Orleans, having equipped students from every part of Louisiana for many years, among whom the late Judge John McVea and the late Colonel Preston Pond have not yet passed out of the affectionate remembrance of East Feliciana, has been superseded by another seat of learning, which the Methodists founded in their centenary year, which, though as effective in equipping students for the battle of life, may not be quite as richly endowed as its predecessor.

This old and fertile home of the South Carolina colonists, who came when this century was yet in its infancy, has still remaining upon its allotted area some heavy bodies of undisturbed forests and much idle and abandoned land—many fields which after emancipation were thrown aside because they were erroneously thought to be exhausted. There are however so many notable instances of the restoration to their primitive fertility of the abandoned seats of the old pioneers,—so many instances in which those discarded fields are by good treatment made to yield crops far in excess of the production of “*ante bellum*” slavery times, that these idle and unproductive lands are increasing in reputation and while perceptibly enhancing in price are still held at prices ridiculously cheap, considering their intrinsic value. Before closing my picture of the achievements of the glorious old pioneers of the Third Ward, I beg leave to submit a few

GENERAL REMARKS.

Within *six* miles of three railroad stations and within *twelve* miles, by good wagon roads, of three receiving and forwarding points on the Mississippi river; with one railroad penetrating its borders from east to west, and another railroad running its whole breadth from north to South, the farmers of the ward and the merchants of Jackson have always successfully resisted the levying of extortionate tribute upon production and commerce and their spirit of independence and consistent opposition to oppressive exactions have maintained for them the advantages of a “*zona ibre*.”

Jackson's cheap, easy and free intercourse with the outside world and her exceptionally good educational advantages have attracted from abroad numerous accessions of capital and labor, which falling readily into line with the genius of the old families have done their devoir in holding higher the standard of a pure and polished civilization and have advanced the material standards to a point bigger than they reached in *ante bellum* times.

With her contiguity to the great river, her railroads, colleges and renowned female schools, the third ward would seem to have all that is needed for a prosperous career and a fuller development. There is however in her economy one potent factor missing.

She produces enough cotton to feed two first class factories and Jackson is therefore adjacent to a cotton seed supply, large enough without extensive foraging around, to keep a big cotton seed mill at work the year round, and the beds and fields of snow white sand on Thompsons Creek, if convertible into glass, would furnish the raw material to run a dozen factories for fifty years.

As a manufacturing centre the former seat of justice of the biggest county in the United States is still a virgin experiment. Her exceptional advantages have never been fairly tested but we hope and have a right to believe that a people so earnestly intent on making their society powerful and prosperous, will ere long bring Manufactures to the aid of Commerce. Agriculture and Education. Hoping it may come before the century dies,

I am, etc.,

H. SKIPWITH.



LONGEVITY IN THE PARISH OF EAST FELICIANA.

A REMARKABLE SHOWING OF THE HEALTHFULNESS OF THIS PART OF
LOUISIANA.

EXCELLENT HEALTH, LONG LIFE, A LOVELY CLIMATE THE CAUSE.

CAN ANY PARISH OR COUNTY MAKE A BETTER RECORD?

Editor of Mirror:

Some time ago I promised you the result of some investigations I had been making in regard to longevity in East Feliciana Parish. My attention was first attracted to this subject in rendering a pastorate of sixteen years in the parish—I was struck with the number of aged persons it had been my duty to lay away in the grave—my record showed twenty-nine persons whose ages ranged from 70 to 90 years. Three other persons belonging to my congregation had died during my absence and had been buried by other ministers. The average age of these thirty-two persons exceeded 74 years. Struck with so remarkable a fact I began a series of inquiries as to the old persons deceased in this parish within the past twenty years. The results so far gathered gives a list of ninety-nine persons whose aggregate years amount to 7385, an average age of nearly 74 years. Of these, 6 ranges from 90 to 95; 30 from 80 to 90; and 63 from 70 to 80 years; am sure that many others died during these years of which I am ignorant and there are many yet living who equal in age those given above.

This record presents among other remarkable facts that ninety-nine persons have died in East Feliciana parish within 20 years whose aggregate age (add year to year) would extend fourteen centuries beyond the creation of the world (according to the common chronology) or putting the years together would reach back to Adam and returning down the centuries would bring us to the time of Noah.

But the most important fact is its bearing upon the healthfulness of the parish. We do not believe this record can be beaten by any parish or county in America. It must be remembered that these were all white, no colored persons being considered in the list. Not having the census statistics, I cannot make comparisons. The argument to be drawn from this remarkable record of longevity is a strong one for those seeking homes and a green old age.

We submit the list, hoping that any error may be pointed out and any additional names may be added.

NAME.	AGE.	NAME.	AGE.
Mrs. M. A. Silliman.....	90	Mr. Wm. Patterson.....	70
Mrs. Johnson.....	91	Mr. Frank Hardesty.....	70
Mrs. Ruth Calfield.....	70	Mrs. Adams.....	79
Mrs. Poole.....	85	Mr. Andy Tomb.....	75
Mr. — Guth.....	79	Prof. Holcombe.....	70
Mr. Wash Chapman.....	78	Mrs. Wiley.....	70
Mr. — Zuggs.....	70	Mrs. Irwin.....	70
Mr. Hugh Lucas.....	75	Mr. Evans White.....	71
Mrs. Sallie Richerts.....	70	Mrs. Hatcher.....	70
Mrs. Morgan.....	75	Mrs. Kitchen.....	70
Mrs. Maley.....	75	Mrs. Jenet Richardson.....	75
Mrs. L. Chapman.....	70	Mrs. Lucas.....	70
Rev. John Higginbotham.....	75	Mr. DeLee.....	80
Mr. Bird.....	70	Mrs. Green.....	80
Judge Hughes.....	70	Obediah Thompson.....	70
Mrs. Collins.....	70	Dan'l McLean.....	72
Mrs. Rist.....	70	Miss McLean.....	80
Rev. James Stratton.....	74	Mr. Charles Trotter.....	70
Mr. Henry Marston.....	90	Mr. Booker Kent.....	70
Mr. Benj. Brown.....	80	Capt. Griffith.....	80
Mrs. Overton.....	75	Judge Scott.....	84
Mrs. J. A. Harris.....	73	Mr. Wicker.....	73
Clem Gore.....	75	Mr. Allen.....	70
Mrs. Gore.....	83	Mr. Aaron Robinson.....	70
Capt. McCombs.....	73	Mrs. Kent.....	70
Mrs. M. L. Skipwith.....	78	Mrs. Story.....	80
Mrs. M. J. Tilden.....	85	A. Worms.....	71
Mrs. Freeman.....	88	Mr. McMurray.....	70
Mrs. Mary Guth.....	78	Mrs. McMurray.....	70
Mr. S. A. Dubose.....	78	Mr. Worthy.....	70
Dr. Chas. Wood.....	70	Mrs. E. Miller.....	74
Mrs. James.....	80	Mr. Hewey.....	70
Mr. Mike Richerts.....	80	Nancy Wisdom.....	80
Mr. Eli White.....	90	Mr. Lipscomb.....	80
Mrs. Knox.....	90	Mrs. Bethany.....	95
Dr. P. Pond.....	82	Mrs. Ann Gleason.....	81
Mr. Jas. King.....	80	Mrs. H. Lambert.....	78
Capt. G. C. Comstock.....	75	R. L. Brashear.....	82
Mr. Wm. East.....	80	Mrs. S. Seals.....	75
Mr. Welsh.....	75	Ed. Story.....	82
Mr. Wall.....	73	Mr. Heyman.....	74
Mr. Wm. Silliman.....	92	Mrs. Heyman.....	80
Mr. David Pipes, Sr.....	84	Mrs. Oppenheimer.....	81
Mrs. Katie Norwood.....	80	H. B. Chase.....	70
Mr. W. M. Jordan.....	70	Wm. Irwin.....	70
Mrs. Jas. King.....	80	W. H. Green.....	70
Mr. P. Fishburn.....	90	Char. Crane.....	70
Robt. Vaughan.....	70	Mrs. Weil.....	74
Tim Rogers.....	70	Wm. Austin.....	80
Mrs. Cassie Harrell.....	80		

We request any parties in the parish to add any facts known that would perfect this record. Yours, M. B. SHAW.

Since handing you the above I have obtained the following additional names:

NAME.	AGE.	NAME.	AGE.
W. W. Jones.....	73	Mrs. Butternauth	72
Rev. A. G. Miller.....	74	Mrs. L. Perkins.....	75
J. M. Young	72	Cullen McCarstle.....	70
Mrs. Austin.....	74	Gen. A. G. Carter.....	75
Jas. Reams, Sr	80	J. R. Ceambers, Sr	73
Jas. Reams, Jr	70	Mr. Mattingly	70
Mr. Tabor.....	90	Sandy Spears.....	70
Mr. Drawdy	75	Archie Palmer	70
Robt. Tucker	73	Mrs. S. Palmer.....	70
Jas. Chapman.....	80	Mrs. Ellen Kernan	78
Allen Chapman	76	Mrs. H. Levi.....	72
Mrs. Wieker.....	80		

Thus the aggregate ages would instead of stopping at Moses, would come down the ages to nearly eight centuries before Christ's advent on the earth.

M. B. S.

CLINTON, LA., June 9, 1890.

Rev. M. B. Shaw:

DEAR SIR—I enclose you a list of names of persons not on your list published in *The Mirror* of May 22, 1890, who lived in this parish and died here since the close of the war, all of them I think within the last twenty years, and all of whom were 70 years of age and over. Their exact ages I do not know.

Yours, very respectfully,

F. D. BRAME.

NAME.	AGE.	NAME	AGE.
Mrs. F. Welsh		Mrs. Ellen Flynn.....	
Mrs. Ann Brian		Mr. S. Heap.....	
Mrs. McQueen.....		Thos. N. Northam.....	
Lawrence Morgan.....		James Pratt	
W. H. Potter		Mrs. Eliza Kelly	
Mrs. W. H. Potter		Miss Nancy McCall.....	
J. C. Jackson		Mrs. Mary Pearse.....	
Hardy Saunders	80	John O. Perry	
Mrs. Nancy Payne		Mrs. John O. Perry	
Mrs. Ginthia		Wm. J. Hayden	
Teos. F. Noone.....		Dr. J. H. McWhinney	
Mr. Hoffmeister.....		John B. Taylor.....	
Mrs Waddil		Billington Taylor	
Mrs. C. B. Kennedy		Reuben Nash	
Mrs. Jane Chapman		Davis Gore	89
Mrs. Pence		Miss Nettie McFall.....	100
Mrs. Cain		Nancy McQueen	89
Mrs. Campbell.....		Miss Fannie Pond.....	
Mrs. Zilpha Chance.....		Mr. — Delpiani.....	70
Mrs. Rebecca Whittaker		Mr. Morgan	80
Mrs. Daughtry.....			

CLINTON, May 24, 1890.

Dear Mr. Shaw—Below you'll find a few names to add to your list:

NAME.	AGE.	NAME.	AGE.
Rev. David Pipes.....	70	Miss Eliza Mills.....	70
Mrs. David Pipes.....	70	Mr. Isaac Taylor.....	75
Mrs. Mary Broadway.....	75	Rich Dreher.....	75
Mr. Wm Hayden.....	70	Howell Cobb.....	70
Mr. Green Edwards.....	68	Nelson Nesom.....	75
Mr. Lee Hardesty.....	70	Mrs. Jane Boarman.....	73
J. H. Muse.....	70	Mrs. Hayney.....	70
Sam. Lee.....	70	Mrs. Davis.....	75
Noel Norwood.....	70	Mr. Jno. Richards.....	69
Mrs. Norwood.....	68	Mrs. Wm. Stone.....	68
Zack Norwood.....	68	Mr. M. Schurer.....	70
Mrs. Margaret Woodward..	80	Eli Norwood.....	68
D. S. Rhea.....	70	Mrs. Kennedy.....	70
Mrs. Rhea.....	68	Mrs. Kahn.....	68
Jno. J. Flynn.....	75	Mr. Jno. Elder.....	75
J. B. Taylor.....	70	Mr. Wm. Lockwood.....	70
Mr. Bethard.....	70	Mrs. Patrick.....	70
Langston East.....	75	Mr. Henry Broadway.....	70
Rev. John East.....	70	Mr. John Dunbar.....	70
Judge John McVey.....	68	Mrs. Mary Lawson.....	80
Stith New.....	68	Mrs. Guinther.....	70
Mr. Pratt.....	70	Mr. John Rist.....	80
Wm. Gurney.....	68	Mrs. Maddell.....	80
Bailey Chaney.....	80	Mrs. Emma Jones.....	75
Mr. K. Harrell.....	70	Mrs. Strickengoss.....	75

A few of the above died after leaving the parish a short time. Two-thirds of their lives was spent in this parish.

Yours, F. HARDESTY.

PIONEERS OF THE FOURTH WARD.

There were *two* tidal waves of Southern immigration, each bearing on its foremost crest explorers into the wilds of East Feliciana adjacent to the line of demarkation between the United States and the King of Spain's Province of West Florida.

The Chickasaw lands, called the Yazoo Purchase, included for the most part within the borders of what is now the State of Mississippi, being opened for settlement attracted roving bands

of home seekers from all parts of the old original thirteen States, in the closing years of the last century, and the treaty made with Spain, October 27th, 1795, fixing the boundary line on the 31st parallel of latitude, which boundary line was run by Capt. Ellicott and Spanish commissioners, according to treaty, as early as 1797, and which commencing in the middle of Bayou Tunica where it empties in the Mississippi river came due east, dividing the fourth ward from Wilkinson County, Miss., and likewise the seventh and eighth wards of East Feliciana parish from Amite County, Miss.

The second tidal wave of immigration was set in motion by Mr. Jefferson's announcement in October, 1803, that all Louisiana had been bought by the United States, brought home seekers by battalions, whole families and neighborhoods.

On the foremost crest of the first of these tidal waves, and therefore in advance of either column, came into the undisturbed canebrakes and forests adjacent to Keller Town—now a small hamlet right on the line of demarkation, taking its name from the ancestor of the old influential Keller family of East Feliciana, who founded there a new home to replace the one he abandoned in South Carolina—was old Mr. John Palmer, an Irish gentleman of education and refinement, who, like Blannerhasset and Thomas Addis Emmett, after the Irish rebellion, fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours.

Having coasted through the Carolinas and the Chickasaw purchase, he found the quiet he sought in the solitudes of the forests and canebrakes of the wilds of "Possum Corner," a solitude which was unbroken unless the Irish ex-rebel had a turn towards the sentimental which could find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones;" unless the old fellow, provoked by the growling bears, the screaming panthers, or the sneaking pilferings of the multitudes of possums—for which oleaginous animals the corner is, and always was, renowned—resorted to use of his trusty rifle. Amid these lonesome environments the benevolent old Irish recluse and alcalde administered Spanish law and justice, and trained his three sons Archibald, Adam and Nechemiah, who were all prominent workers in the advancement of a pure christian civilization. And side by side with the old Irish rebel, the first to penetrate the canebrakes in which he was lying perdue came the ancestor of Drury and Isaac Smith. Attracted by the noises of civilization made by these two earliest explorers, came early in the present century, the ancestors of the Kellers, Whitakers, Gauldens, Nollands, Jeters, Higginbothams, McKneelys and Boatners, some with a permit and grant of land from the King of Spain, most of them uninvited squatters building their homes close to the line, equally prepared for a monarchical or republican *denouement*, retaining the right of choice for either destiny.

Early and conspicuous in the Keller Town community was the tall, straight figure old Ben Graves, who was not old then, but a handsome single gentleman from South Carolina, who brought with him the family cow and diminutive pony, and founded his home where the fourth and seventh wards meet on the line of demarkation, and where Wilkinson and Amite counties, corner on the line. His rifle kept him abundantly supplied with panther steaks, saddles of venison and haunches of bear and the ubiquitous, oleaginous possum. When sugar, coffee, salt or flour was needed, the pony was saddled with an empty sack and as many dry skins of deer, bears and panthers as could be strapped on, and thus equipped Mr. Graves would strike into a bridle path leading to St. Francisville where he would exchange his peltries for supplies—which was better than giving a lien on the crop. On his return from one of these annual pilgrimages Ben and the pony received the hospitalities of a settler who had cut down an acre or so of canes and started a clearing close to the line of the bridle path, and in that settlers log cabin was a lovely little barefoot beauty of the canebrakes, the settler being like Jephtha, Judge in Israel, who had one fair daughter and no more. Tradition pleasantly relates that the heart of the tall, handsome Carolinian was not only smitten but completely subjugated, and on blushing making his doleful dilemma known to his canebrake Dulcinea, she surrendered, not at discretion, but with one important reservation: "She must have a pair of wedding slippers to stand up in."

Most men would have opened negotiations with Paris, New York or New Orleans for a small shipment of dainty wedding slippers the more speedily to raise the embargo on the nuptial ceremony, but Ben trudged home with light heart and elastic step, and visiting his tan yard to give the finishing touch to his hides, commenced to model two lasts, one for the bride's dainty slippers and a larger one for the bridegroom's boots. When the slippers and boots were finished the old Irish Alcalde was invited to accompany him to the cabin which enshrined Ben's heart and sheltered his unexpectant bride. The annals of Amite and Wilkinson Counties and the Fourth and Seventh Wards of East Feliciana attest lovingly that none have done more to develop a pure civilization, than old Ben's blushing bride of the canebrakes although her trousseau was nothing more sparkling than a pair of home made buck skin slippers.

Continuing my portraiture of the growing Fourth Ward, which would not be complete if it should stop before depicting its general adaptability to pastoral and agricultural purposes; its wonderful advantages as a productive home, where the home seeker can chose to dwell amid fertile cultivated fields, on the crown of an elevated plateau with miles of landscape of miraculous beauty, or down in the green valleys in sight and hear-

ing of the rippling, joyous waters; and in each locality find a sweet happy home, with a good living annexed, without excessive outlay of cash or sweat of brow.

Although not in sight of the cupolas and domes of a great city or in hearing of its hum and noise, if the home seeker be a man of gregarious inclinations he can indulge his tastes in two young and growing centres of population, in which life and bustle give token of rapid future growth. Norwood and Wilson lying along the line of the L. N. O. and T. Railway are already rebuking old Keller town for its sleepy-headed ways; already assuming the airs of big trade emporiums just as we have seen the lovely little witches who promenade their streets, discard short dresses and come out, by magical transformation, in long ones with regulation skirts and trains. Two embryo cities, each striving for the crown of wealth and population and good society.

From behind the green curtains which fringe its northern boundary along the winding banks of Thompsons creek, and its eastern borders which are curtained from the world beyond by the forests and cane breaks which margin the banks of Comite river, the Fourth Ward points with pride to the testimonials of moving and pure society which has developed behind its curtains, and attracts the gaze of the passing streams of home seekers by pointing proudly to her interior jewels.

Notwithstanding that the beautiful scenery along the line of the railroad has already attracted many investments of capital and labor from abroad there still remains within the borders of the Fourth Ward twelve thousand acres of primeval forests and abandoned fields, lying idle, for lack of labor. And while the Fourth Ward has received so many recruits from abroad, it is a notable fact that the worship around the old altars to God, Home and Country remain as pure to-day as when the Carolinians brought it across the line of demarkation in 1804-'5 and '6, etc. Feeling sanguine and hopeful that the waste places will soon be built up, I am yours, etc.

H. SKIPWITH.

WILSON,

ITS NATURAL ADVANTAGES; ITS LOCATION; ITS RESOURCES AND PEOPLE;
ITS PURE WATER AND FERTILE SOIL; AS A HEALTH RESORT, ETC.

MAJ. H. SKIPWITH,
CLINTON, LA.:

Esteemed old Friend—Having learned of your design to advertise the Parish of East Feliciana in the form of a neat read-

able and attractive pamphlet descriptive of its *people, lands, social characteristics*, and its *towns*, etc., and feeling desirous that the thriving, prosperous and fast-growing town Wilson should fill the place in the advertisement, which its many attractive features entitle it to, I send you the following portrait drawn from life of

THE TOWN OF WILSON,

which is a town of one hundred houses and three hundred inhabitants, and is situated on the main line of the great Louisville, New Orleans and Texas Railway, one hundred and twenty-two miles north of New Orleans; thirty-two miles north of Baton Rouge, the capital of the State of Louisiana; eight miles northwest of Clinton, the seat of justice of the Parish of East Feliciana, and the same distance from Jackson, La., the oldest center of population, commerce and education in the parish. It is situated partly in the valley of Redwood Creek, along which the railroad runs; out of which valley it rises tier upon tier of handsome residences, stores, churches, schoolhouses, lodges, livery stables, etc. On a rise of land from twenty five to fifty feet above the level of the railroad it has already constructed several fine hotels, two livery stables, a Methodist and Presbyterian church, eleven general stores, good schools, etc. Wilson is a relay station and on its site is much valuable property belonging to the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas Railway Company, viz: the Valley Hotel, the depot building, repair shops, coal chute, and the large round houses, etc., with a fair prospect of other public building, being erected in the near future. It is said to be the best place for a cash business between Vicksburg and New Orleans. The morals of the town, which may be pronounced without boasting, exceptionally good, and it may be truly said to be one of the healthiest localities in the State of Louisiana, with its pine, chalybeate waters, mild and invigorating climate. There are considerable vacant lands lying north and east of Wilson that can be bought at reasonable figures, that are susceptible of being put in a high state of cultivation, producing forty and fifty bushels of corn per acre and from one to one and a half bales of cotton per acre, and is well adapted to truck and farm gardens, orchards, etc. All of the smaller cereals grow prolifically. On the southeast, Wilson is making a winning fight with Clinton for the trade; on the north, Wilson is making a hard fight with the enterprising and competitive town of Norwood, with its large capital, that is so much needed to build up a town; and on the west by Jackson. I predict that, in the course of fifty years, the four little towns will be blended in one large city with Wilson as its great railroad center. Friends, look to your future interest and with open arms invite capital and encour-

are immigration, that is so much needed to build up and develop one of the finest countries on God's green earth.

By giving insertion of the foregoing special sketch of the Town of Wilson and contiguous country you will do a work that will be highly appreciated by the good people of Wilson and your obedient servant and well-wisher.

Truly and respectfully yours,

E. M. HOOPER, M. D.,
Mayor of Wilson, East Feliciana Parish, La.

PIONEERS OF THE FIFTH WARD.

I am so habituated, Mr. Editor, to chronological arrangement that I think I would not begin writing a history of Rome before making close and critical search for vestiges of the wall, to build which, Romulus cut down the reeds of Tiber, nearly three thousand years ago. My present search is limited to the inquiry "Who made the earliest blazings of civilizations in the fifth ward of East Feliciana?"

Tradition carries us then back, in answer to this question, to the closing years of the last century; when the three Yarborough brothers from Georgia, and Joseph Felps, from the same State, in company with his brothers, James, Thomas and David; and as part of the same immigration movement, those sturdy old frontiersmen, Isaac Taylor from Pennsylvania, and Robert Nettles and Thomas Albritton from South Carolina, who commenced to make their hatchet clearings, to lay off fence rows and to build log cabins with nunchon floors in the heart of the primeval forests and cane brakes, the dark green curtains of the water-courses, which irrigated and fertilized the lovely valleys of the Fifth Ward, in the year 1798.

And two years later came into the same community another colony from Elbert County, Georgia, which included several well-remembered pioneers, who figured conspicuously in shaping our civilization, namely: Charles Ingraham, James Higginbotham, Matthew Edwards, Natt Cobb and William Blount.

Mr. Ingraham, who cleared the place now owned by Mr. I. T. Felps, was a worker in wood, possessing a large and active mechanical genius, and to him the settlers were indebted for the first grist and saw mill, and he was likewise the owner of several slave mechanics, workers both in iron and wood, and Ingraham's mill and blacksmith shop were leading land marks for many years, of which there are still some vestiges.

His old Elbert County neighbor and friend, James Higginbotham, who likewise was a slave owner, was the Master of the

first lodge of Masons organized in East Feliciana. He lived and died on his first clearing, but his son, John B., on his father's death, moved eastward into the Sixth Ward, near Nat Cobb and William Blount and the Briants, who had migrated from the banks of the Comite river, in the Fifth, to the valley of the Amite, in the Sixth. Throughout his long and active life, John B. Higginbotham was a strong pillar of the Methodist Church, an earnest and devout class leader. It is one of the traditions of the Elbert County colony, along the Comite, that young Charles Ingraham was the first Anglo American to die, and that his father put him away in a solid lightwood coffin, which was made air tight by ingenious devices without corroding nails.

As the Felps and Yarborough brothers certainly came into the wilds earlier than the Elbert County colony, those earliest leaders of the column of civilization have had so much influence in shaping the societies which they founded that each may claim a short biographical paragraph.

James Felps founded the ancestral seat, seven miles east of Clinton, on the Greensburg road, in the Eighth Ward. His brothers, Thomas and David Felps, founded their family seats two miles south of him, on the banks of Bluff Creek, in the Sixth Ward.

The fourth brother, Joseph, whose descendants still cling in large numbers around the "clearing" which their ancestor made in 1798, a little south of the present site of Clinton, chose his home in the Fifth Ward.

The three Yarborough brothers, who came from Georgia with the Felps, founded their homes along the banks of Pretty Creek, in clannish proximity, in the Fifth Ward. Lewis Yarborough made his hatchet clearing and built his log cabin (which I have seen standing in good repair, in 1825) just between the present store of Mr. R. Carow and the new residence of Henry Hartner. His descendants, not long ago, under the advice of Judge J. B. Smith, contemplated bringing suit for all the land on which the town of Clinton now stands.

James Yarborough founded his seat on the heights west of Pretty Creek, within 200 yards of the present residence of Mr. H. A. White; and his descendants, of whom Mrs. A. Levi, of New Orleans, is one, have contributed their loyal quota to the social development of their neighborhood.

The third brother, Stephen Yarborough, was perhaps the most energetic and successful of the brothers. He founded his seat and handsomely improved the heights, on which Hon. T. S. Adams now lives, from which there is a pleasant prospect of green, fertile valleys and forest-clad hill. The career of Stephen was prosperous without any adverse break for years, during which he added a water saw and grist mill and gin to his possessions, until

he planted his numerous broad and fertile acres of Pretty Creek bottoms in sugar cane.

He lost his crop in the futile endeavor to express the juice from his canes with water power, which was totally inadequate. This costly failure and the loss of his first wife suggested to the lonely widower of Pretty Creek the need of a partner to share his sorrows. Nature abhors a void, and so did Stephen, the uxorious widower, who, inspired with the resolution to find a suitable partner to fill the void, spruced up one fine Sunday morning in a glossy broad cloth suit, spotless linen, shiny beaver, tight buckskin gauntlets and patent leather boots, and rode upon a showy charger, prancing and curvetting, to the fence around the mansion in which Judge Brame now resides. Inside the building were the bright black eyes of the very pretty brunette Widow Morgan, who sat in widowed meditation, fancy free, biding her time. To accompany the bright eyed widow to church was the objective point of Stephen, and to that same object the widow cheerfully co-operated. The acquaintance thus initiated soon ripened into a rapid exchange of notes, in which the widower's words, carefully selected from that casket of sighing lovers "the complete letter-writer," fairly sparkled with the Pomethean fire, to which the widow, with experience of thirty winters and a former surrender, was coy and very shy, without a *soupeon* of gush or any of those traps into which soft and silly maidens often fall. As the correspondence developed the furnaces on the "Heights" became hotter and brighter. In the course of time, when the fire grew dim for want of fuel, and when the flashes from Pretty Creek ceased to illuminate the widow's casket of epistolary jewels, the thrifty widow unmasked a battery from behind the columns of Judge Brame's brick house, which struck terror to the heart of Capt. Adam's uxorious predecessor in his lofty tower on Pretty Creek. The artless, coy, bright-eyed widow filed with the Clerk of the District Court a suit for breach of promise, and \$10,000 damages to salve a broken heart, and founded her suit on twenty odd carefully folded, labelled and numbered proposals of marriage.

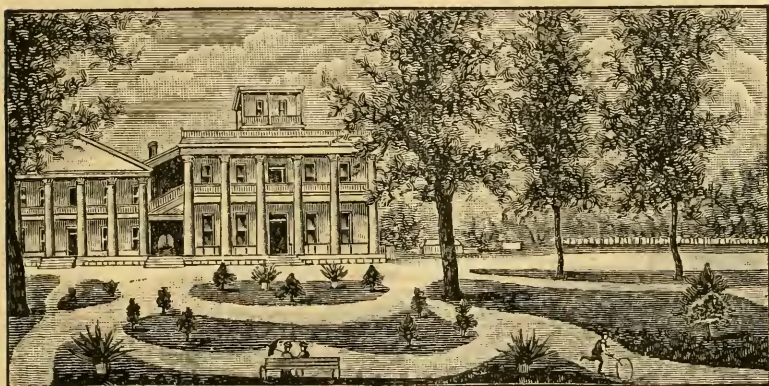
Imagine Falstaff before Henry the Fifth's Chief Justice, defending himself from the clamorous asseverations of Dame Quickly, alleging that the oleagenous old scamp had deceived her into various and sundry money loans, and broken her susceptible heart by numberless promises to make her his wedded wife. Imagine the placid and rotund Mr. Pickwick defending himself from the matrimonial aspirations of Mrs. Bardell, and you will have a "fac-simile" of the fat widower of Pretty Creek before the court in Clinton, on the trial of the suit styled "The widow Morgau vs. Stephen Yarborough. Of all the lawyers, jurors and witnesses in that celebrated case none that I know of are left to tell the tale, except the ex-Chief Justice Merrick and

this writer. Recalling the ludicrous incidents of that memorable scene, in which the two most conspicuous champions of the much damaged widow were the late Thomas Green Davidson, of Livingston, and the late Henry Marston, Esq. The first proclaimed himself to be the volunteer defender of injured innocence; the latter a knightly old gentleman from under the shadow of Faneni Hall, who promenaded the lists, ready to break a lance with whoever presumed to sneer at the aggravated wrongs of the wounded dove, who was seeking salve for a broken heart. As the venerable Tom Green Davidson would extract a letter from the bulky package on which the widow's case rested, leaning on his crutch, and holding the letter in the other hand appealing "Gentlemen of the Jury, I crave your close attention while I read to you another chapter of "Stephen on Love," a scene so rich was presented which beggars the numerous presentations of Falstaff and Pickwick defending themselves from Widows Quickly and Bardell. The jury gave Mrs. Morgan \$1000 damages, which was only realized after a hard fight in the Supreme Court, but the widow died before the decree was rendered and Mr. Marston, her chivalrous and steadfast friend, administered her estate, which was kept unsettled by the claim of her volunteer counsel for a fee of \$500, which claim was resisted by the administrator on the ground that the volunteer had put his hand on his heart and solemnly avowed before God and the jury he had no pecuniary interest, and old Tom died a few years afterwards, kicking himself because he had once in his life forfeited \$500 in good money to impalpable gush.

Before closing this sketch I desire to add that the water courses that form the eastern and western boundaries of the Fifth Ward and Pretty Creek which courses through it diagonally from N. E. to S. W., afford large bodies of fertile meadow land, that its soil on hill and valley can be easily and cheaply rejuvenated, and therefore in its reproductive capacity and splendored pastoral advantages, it is the equal of the most favored wards. That its area of cheap, idle, waste and abandoned lands is large, owing to the scarcity of laborers, and that in the matter of good society, good churches and good schools, it possesses inducements which are very attractive to the roving body of home-seekers, for whom this sketch has been written. Hoping it will reach them and attract them, I remain, yours, etc.,

H. SKIPWITH.

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For YOUNG LADIES,
CLINTON, LOUISIANA.

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BUILDINGS.

These were erected at a cost of \$30,000. They are of brick, large, well ventilated, and present a very handsome appearance. The grounds embrace ten acres, a large part of which is densely covered with beech and magnolia, and used only for play grounds and rambles. The water is from underground cisterns, caught from slate roofs, and therefore of the purest quality. The buildings have been, during the past three years, placed in thorough repair and furnished anew throughout, and the rooms will always contain every comfort and convenience.

HEALTH.

The town of Clinton, situated in the “hill country” of Louisiana, is one of the healthiest in the State. No local cause of disease exists. No epidemic has visited the town since 1855. On the contrary, the beneficial effect of the genial climate and pure atmosphere upon persons afflicted with pulmonary or malarial diseases has been clearly demonstrated by the experience of a large number of pupils during past years. In the interior management of the school attention to the health of the pupils is made a matter of the first moment.

PIONEERS OF THE SIXTH WARD.

Notwithstanding, Mr. Editor, that this sixth sub-division of East Feliciana has been sneeringly nick-named "the Dark Corner," I find on closer scrutiny that its annals are as full of stirring incidents, its settlement as early, its progress as fast and its social development as healthy and steady as in any of the other wards, and a glance at its admirable distribution of forest and stream, of meadows and valleys and picturesque building sites, on the crown of its lofty ranges of forest clad hills, will convince the home seekers that I am sketching one of the choicest haunts of civilized man; a land conspicuously adapted to the uses of agricultural and pastoral endeavor.

The bold and turbulent Amite, with its wealth of broad and fertile bottoms, and its miles of dense primeval forests, is the ward's *eastern* border, Sandy Creek, a smaller stream of living waters, presenting on a smaller scale the same features as are found along the Amite, is the *western* boundary of the ward. The same general features likewise attach to the courses of its two diagonal feeders, namely Hunter's Branch, which rises a little north of the centre and flows south-west into Sandy Creek, and Bluff Creek which also rises north of the centre and discharges south-east in the Amite river. It is almost needless to add that the flocks and herds of the Sixth Ward never suffer for water, and the meadows bordering all these streams in large broad bodies of fertile land hold out a promise of rich remuneration to agricultural and pastoral endeavor. It goes, too, almost without saying, that the bold headlands hemming in these streams abound in picturesque sites, calling eloquently to roaming pilgrims to stop and build and beautify a home.

It has already been asserted in these sketches that there were two tidal waves, which floated into these wilds; two streams of immigrating humanity; some by single spies, some by families, and some by whole neighborhoods.

The first wave was set in motion by the treaty with Spain in 1795, which defined the 31st parallel of north latitude as the boundary between Spain's provinces of Florida and the United States, and also guaranteed to American citizens, for three years, the right of deposit. On this first wave came into the Sixth Ward, to battle with the bears, panthers and wolves for possession and a peaceful home, John Morgan and Morgan Morgan, who having emigrated from Virginia to the wilds of Kentucky with their relative Daniel Boone, soon after the revolutionary war, turned their migratory longing southward in 1796, and in company with the Vardells and Thackers, founded their homes in the Sixth in the broad and fertile Amite valley. Impelled by the same wave, though not quite so early, but before the close of the century, came the Chaney's from South Carolina, the Phelps

from Georgia, and John Hobgood from Virginia. These early comers founded seats along the valleys of Bluff Creek, except Capt. James Hobgood, whose early life was so eventful and full of interesting incidents, as to suggest a separate biographical paragraph. James Hobgood was a Virginia lad during the Revolution, with strong longings to go and fight for Washington and freedom, but being too young was denied enlistment. After the war closed, the restless, aspiring lad commenced his migrations southward, through the Carolinas, stopping in South Carolina long enough to fascinate a blue-eyed daughter of the Barfields, who came with him to found a home on the plantation in the Sixth Ward, now owned and cultivated by Mr. Porter Rowley. The ancestor of the Hobgoods was not only one of the earliest comers, but was for many years the most conspicuous figure of the early society of the Sixth Ward, especially at "House Raisings" and "Log Rollings" and all other occasions at which physical strength always won the crown of admiration. He was a long armed, heavily muscled athlete, and as a jumper, wrestler and fighter had no equal. His son, Mr. W. B. Hobgood, relates with pardonable pride the feats of prowess of his gigantic ancestor, but he had one weakness, for which Billy, after the lapse of over half a century, has not been able fully to forgive him. When the oats were ready for the harvest the long armed old giant would shoulder his scythe and buckle on his canteen full of whiskey, and his son Billy was summoned to carry a fresh pail of water, and when the day's work was done the canteen was always empty, but Billy had been rigidly confined to the contents of the pail of water, and to this day Billy protests that he was the victim of a most unfair distribution of the fluids.

Within a year or two of those already mentioned came from Georgia, the Cobbs, Higginbothams, Carrolls and Blonnts, and the Barfields from South Carolina, who founded their seats along the Amite river. While these eastern colonists were developing their scattered communities, settlements were being made on the western border, along the valley of Sandy Creek, by the Hatchers, Storys, McMurrays and Gideon White.

A little later, say about six years, the earliest of that large column of immigration which was set in motion by Mr. Jefferson's proclamation of 1803, announcing the purchase of Louisiana, came B. M. G. Brown, senior, who brought his wife, his little ones, and his slaves, and his chattels, in 1804, from Darlington District, South Carolina, to found a new home on the banks of Hunter's Branch, in the Sixth Ward, near the line of the Baton Rouge road, where he reared and equipped his four sons, Major Reddin Brown, B. M. G. Brown, jr., Elly Brown and Eli Brown, for active, useful and honorable service in the van of civilization, around their southern homes.

Nearly contemporaneous with the Browns, the society of the ward was recruited by the Lees, Reddins, Carrolls, and by the mother of Sothey Hayes, and the late Sheriff Jno. W. Hayes, who came, a brave widow from South Carolina, to found a new home for her sons in the wilds of the Sixth Ward.

There were two of the early workers prominent in shaping the Sixth Ward society, not yet mentioned. The earlier comer of the two was Ezra Courtney, who came in 1802, in company with his young wife from Darlington District, South Carolina, by flat boat to Cole's Creek and Bayou Pierre to engage in the work of organizing the scattered, unconnected members of his church. Feeling his way down South he established headquarters a stone throw north of the line of demarkation, at the bridge over Beaver Creek where the Liberty and Jackson road crosses. While there he contributed largely in founding and organizing the powerful Baptist congregation at Ebenezer Church, and there, too, under shade of a big oak, he established a Gretna Green for the celebration of marriage rites which were forbidden south of the line to any but Roman Catholic priests.

After the expulsion of the Spaniards in 1810, the Rev. Mr. Courtney founded his home, in 1812, on the southern border of the Sixth Ward, where he went to work earnestly and effectively to his new field of effort, as is attested by the rapid growth and consolidation of powerful Baptist communities with houses of worship at "Hole in the Water," "Bluff Creek" and "Hephzibah," the two first being in the Sixth, the last in the Eighth Ward.

Notwithstanding Mr. Courtney was so effective in founding the Baptists in the Southern border, the rival sect of the Methodists still held the Northern border for the Methodist faith, which had a fiery and zealous defender in the person of the Rev. Jno. B. Higginbotham. Whether good old Uncle Johnnie was a regularly ordained Methodist minister I am not informed, but he was a power after the order of Wesley's famous itinerants, and his fluent tongue supported by the Carrolls, Cobbs, John George and Jones Boker, rallied many recruits to the Methodist faith, and when Gilead church was rolled on wheels out of the Eighth Ward into the Sixth, old Uncle Johnny and his co-religionists slept much more securely behind the new bulwarks of their faith.

Before closing my narrative of the religious movement in the Sixth Ward it would be inaccurate not to mention that the religious bodies in the ward were first assembled under a common standard by the famous Lorenzo Dow, who, after a year's notice sent in advance from Alabama, preached on the hill where Captain Lewis McManus now resides, their first sermon to the assembled hermits of the adjacent canebrakes, after which the famous preacher sought the repose of a log cabin on a high bluff, on Mill Creek just before it loses itself in the jungles of

the Amite river swamp, the same on which Mr. Robert Perkins now resides, there to give back to his great taskmaster the missionary staff he had faithfully borne through many lands, and ask his final discharge, and there the bones of the renowned preacher now await the Resurrection. It is a notable instance of neglect and ingratitude, that the grave of the greatest of Wesley's itinerants should be left without even a Head Board.

Recurring to the present home of Mr. Porter Rowley, as a famous nursery of two leading Sixth Ward families, namely the Hobgoods and Collins, after the stalwart ancestor of the Hobgoods had moved his home into the Eighth Ward, just on the margin of the Amite bottoms, old Captain Jack Collins, whose mother and father emigrated from Richland District, S. C., with a large number of slaves and herds, to build a home in these Southern wilds, when the century and their son John were just two years old, established in the vacated Hobgood home the ancestral seat of that family. The coming of Captain Jack Collins into his Sixth Ward home was much delayed by the murder of his father, who was killed *en route* by a drunken Creek Indian, after which his mother fixed her abode in Amite County, Miss., where she reared and educated her son John, who completed the voyage his father commenced in 1802 by founding a home and rearing a family near the Amite river in the Sixth Ward.

A cursory glance at the vast areas of abandoned fields of this ward would suggest unfavorable conclusions regarding its soil, but there are plenty of once abandoned fields within its borders which have been restored by good farming to their original fertility, and plenty of demonstrations that it pays to rescue the soil from the debilitating influences of slovenly, ante bellum methods, and there are, moreover, plenty of advanced Sixth Ward farmers who have grown strong and rich while feeding high their old abandoned fields. Of the 25,000 uncultivated acres of this ward, which are held at prices varying from \$3.00 to \$10.00, every acre can easily be brought back to a pitch of productiveness which will yield a bale of cotton to the acre.

The dwellers in the ward point gloomily to the latent forces which want of laborers leaves idle and asleep, and they promise cordial welcome and all the amenities of generous hospitality to all agricultural recruits who will help with capital and labor to restore their waste and bald places.

That the old Sixth Ward is advancing with rapid strides to a better farming system is evidenced by the existence of a Farmers' Union, at Gilead, which shapes intelligently and stimulates a new school of agricultural effort. With its three Farmers' Unions, its three churches, its school-houses wherever there are children to be educated, and claiming the credit of having contributed to the body politic two good sheriffs and two live representatives, the Sixth presents a record of progress so creditable as to re-

pel with scorn the insinuation of being "*the dark corner.*" On the contrary they point proudly to their achievements in the march of civilization, and deny that there is in all the haunts of civilized man, cheaper, better protected and more productive homes than there are to be found in the Sixth Ward.

Hoping the recruits so much needed will come ere long, I remain, yours, etc.,
H. SKIPWITH.

PIONEERS OF THE SEVENTH WARD.

About the time when the Yarboroughs and Phelps and the other colonists migrated from Elbert County, Georgia, at the close of the late century, into the Fifth Ward to make their clearings and found their homes along the margin of the Comite river and Pretty Creek, another band of colonists were waking cane brakes and primeval forests of the *Seventh Ward* which borders the Fifth on the north. These last had commenced their migration from South Carolina soon after the treaty of 1795 with Spain, and meandered through the Yazoo purchase, feeling their way, via Natchez, Gallatin, Liberty, Cole's Creek or Bayou Pierre, down south to the line of demarkation. After Mr. Jefferson's proclamation of October, 1803, which asserted a constructive claim to the purchase of Spain's province of West Florida the policy of encouraging immigration from "The States" was revoked by the Spanish government, and the wilds, south of the line of demarkation, were hermetically sealed to immigrants of the Anglo-Saxon stripe. Among the earliest comers into the Seventh Ward were David Pipes, Sr., Ben Graves, Jno. C. and Thos. Flynn, and Thos. East, from Edgefield District, S. C., who founded his home on the place familiarly known in after years as the residence of Dr. Isaac Caulfield, and to this list ought of right to be added the names of the ancestor of the Harrell family, for it is a well attested tradition that Hezekiah Harrell was sent as early as 1802 by his father, fat old Levi Harrell, of Charleston District, S. C., to explore these southern wilds for a home large enough for his "old folks," the little ones, the slaves and the herds. In discharge of his mission, Hezekiah, having obtained a liberal Spanish grant, commenced a "hatchet clearing," in 1802, on the banks of Pretty Creek, just at the foot of "Mount DeLee." While cutting the canes, Hezekiah would prudently at night, retire up in the forks of the trees, from which secure but uncomfortable roost he would calmly observe the gambols, wrestlings and fights of bears, panthers and wolves, which was as good as a play. His pilgrimage closed by a return to the old folks at home, and his report was so satisfactory that active preparations for a general exodus of the Harrells, from Charleston

District, commenced and took up the line of travel by flat boats down the head waters of the Tennessee river, braving the hidden rocks, eddies, cataracts and whirlpools of the Muscle Shoals. The patriarch of this exodus, Mr. Levi Harrell, died upon his journey in 1803, and the duty devolved upon Hezekiah to lead the children, slaves and herds, via Natchez, down to his hatchet clearing at the foot of "Mount DeLee" on Pretty Creek.

Finding Jno. C. and Thos. Flynn in possession, he passed on higher up along the margin of Pretty Creek, where he founded the family home (under the guarantees of the Spanish crown), thirty acres of which was cultivated this its eighty-sixth year, by his grandson, Mr. W. C. Kent, who, with two hands and two plows, made 25 bales of cotton, several hundred barrels of corn, and several hundred gallons of syrup.

The colonizing of the Seventh Ward, thus far chronicled, was fostered and encouraged by the policy of Spain, but in 1803 that liberal policy was revoked, and that class of settlers which came after 1803 below the line of demarkation, came at their own risk and held their clearings by the strong hand against the prowling wild beasts and prying Spanish soldiers, Alguazils and tax gatherers.

Of this latter class of unbidden guests, earliest and most conspicuous was old Major Sam Norwood, who came in 1806 with his sons, namely: Elias, Noel, John, Ezekial and Abel T. and his daughter Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. George Keller, his slaves, his chattels and herds; a big boned, heavy muscled, true hearted race of men who migrated from Darlington District, South Carolina, in 1804, by the flat boat route, down the head waters of the Tennessee, through the perils of the Muscle Shoals and the Mississippi river, to Natchez, whence they journeyed by land to the wilds of the Seventh Ward, just below the line of demarkation, and founded their ancestral seats along the margin of the Comite river and Richland Creek. In the same line of immigration with the Norwoods came out of Darlington and Union Districts, S. C., the Scotts, Winfers, Robbins, McKneelys and McCants into the Third Ward, and also old Mr. Henry Dunn, who founded a home for his children and numerous slaves in the Seventh Ward, a mile or two east of the Norwoods. These three families of Harrell, Norwood and Dunn prospered and multiplied exceedingly, and had large influence in shaping the civilization of their community through several peaceful years, which calm was rudely broken by the American revolt in 1810 against the Spanish authority. After 1806 the tide of immigration ceased to flow into the Seventh Ward until 1814, in which eventful year John Rowley, a solitary immigrant from Beaufort District, S. C., commenced to build a log cabin about a stone's throw from the present residence of Mr. Frank Wood, as a humble residence for his wife and twin babies, the door of which

was still unfinished when news came by Gen. Coffee's couriers "That the British had landed!" and that Gen. Jackson in New Orleans was badly in need of men, arms and horses.

Hitherto my narrative depicts the pioneers developing and expanding the arts of peaceful civilization, building homes, clearing, fencing, planting orchards and farms during a period of peace, the calm influences of which were only disturbed in 1810 by the brief and bloodless revolt which expelled the Spanish authority. Now, in 1814, the first call is made upon them to defend the homes they have built. Gen. Coffee, whose headquarters were established at Baton Rouge late in the summer of 1814, had sent his worn out cavalry horses into the East Feliciana pastures to rest and recruit. An order to him from Gen. Jackson, dated New Orleans, Dec. 17th, summoned him to come with all the men, horses and arms he could raise, and "not to sleep until he got there," caused the sending of couriers with the startling news that "The British had landed, and Gen. Jackson, in New Orleans, was badly in need of men, arms and horses." The news thrilled all hearts in the scattered hamlets of East Feliciana like the sound of the midnight tocsin stirred the emotional Parisians. It looked like the land had been sown with the fabled Dragon's teeth to see an armed and mounted man spring out of every canebrake. Gen. Coffee's recruited cavalry horses were started in a gallop back to Baton Rouge, each with a bold East Feliciana rider on his back, with his sire's old rifle, which had sent messages of death to the British on the Revolutionary battlefields. Even the 12-year-old boys caught up the shaggy, pot-gutted ponies in their canebrake hiding places, saddled up and spurred on to Baton Rouge. Old John Rowley nailed up a blanket as a substitute for the unfinished door of his log cabin, and committing Esther and the twins to the care of God, galoped off with his rifle for Baton Rouge.

On the night of December 23rd, when Gen Coffee sent an answer to his chief's peremptory order of the 17th from his camp, *fifteen miles above New Orleans*, saying: "I am here with fifteen hundred armed and mounted men," all East Feliciana, from the boy of twelve to the grey beard of seventy slept under the folds of brave Coffee's banner that night. When Coffee on the 27th and 28th was retiring sullenly, disputing every inch of the way from the shore of Lake Borgne to the famous field of Chalmette, the sharp crack of the East Feliciana rifle revived the echoes of Guilford Court House, Camden, and King's mountain, in the swamps of Lake Borgne. It is painful to narrate that, as Coffee retired before Pakenham's veteran legions, many a saddle was emptied of its bold East Feliciana rider. But it is sadder still to record the manner of the death of Thos. East, who came early into the Seventh Ward from Edgefield District, S. C., and

founded a home on the place afterwards owned by Dr. Isaac Caulfield.

This Thos. East was the grand father of Dr. A. L. East, of the Plains, and taking service under Coffee, left his wife and infant child, in the care of his young cousin, William East, and fought unscratched through the skirmishes and battles around New Orleans. After his discharge, in company with many of his comrades, he commenced his voyage home on a keel boat, to be cordoned up to the Bluffs of East Feliciana. On the voyage he fell ill with measles, which terminated fatally, just as the boat tied up at the foot of the Bluffs, afterwards renowned as Port Hudson, where his remains repose on battle fields where the cracks of his old Revolutionary rifle was unheard, and where many of his old comrades in arms encountered death, defeat and starvation. The son he left in his cradle lived to propagate in many communities the Baptist faith, on which he was a devoted believer. His pretty young widow married John L. Delee, of Lincoln County, North Carolina, who after serving in the Creek, Seminole and Chalmette campaign came into the Seventh ward with an honorable discharge and there reared a large family which has been conspicuous in Seventh ward society.

In further illustration of the ability of our people to defend their homes, although it is a little outside the scope and design of my work, I will presume to revert to two episodes which aroused their fears for the security of the homes they founded in the primeval forests and cane breaks. In May, 1846, news came that the Western frontier of the Republic was invaded by a Mexican army under Gen. Ampudia and that Gen. Zachary Taylor had but a handful of troops to encounter him. A company of 125 East Felicitanians under Capt. H. B. Chase and another company of the same number under Capt. Geo. C. Comstock reported in New Orleans, many months, in advance of the preparations made by the Government for arms and transportation. The 250 men were one-third of the white adults of the parish and it is no vain boast to say that the other two-thirds would have offered their services had not the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca De La Palma rendered it unnecessary.

Again, in Nov. 1860, Breckinridge beat the Douglas and Bell and Everet tickets by a large majority but when in less than two months afterwards the question of secession came squarely up, it was negatived by a large vote, when, however the convention of Louisiana adopted an ordinance of secession, and there was no way out but to fight out, East Feliciana threw three full companies into the Fourth Regiment; one into the 16th; another into the 29th and a company into Scott's cavalry; in addition to which, two bodies of scouts, under Col. Edwin A. Scott and Capt. John C. McKowen, were kept organized for Home Protection.

From a military record uniformly honorable and remarkable for patriotism, I turn to the more peaceful developments of the Christian religion, which commenced in the Seventh ward soon after the expulsion of the Spanish authority. The earliest religious foundation of the ward was a small Presbyterian House of Worship, named Friendship Church, situated about a hundred yards from Mrs. Currie's residence on Pretty creek. It had a small congregation, organized by the Rev. James Smiley and their pastor, in 1831, was the Rev. John Patterson, a young Scottish Divine. This congregation was soon absorbed by their co-religionists of Comite church, which is still the house of worship of a large and powerful Presbyterian body of which the late David Pipes, Sr., and William Silliman were honored and revered members. However predominant the early Presbyterians may have been, they have since been confronted by the active and zealous Methodist and Baptist propagandists, if the younger denominations have not actually invaded the territories of the older, they have at least held it in check and barred, in a large measure, its expansion.

The Seventh Ward, though without a foot of ground requiring artificial drainage, and though it embraces within its bodies as much good, fertile and fairly productive land as any of the other wards, has perhaps a larger area of utilized and abandoned places than any of those I have sketched. Sterility is not the cause of its unusually large bodies of waste and idle lands. Its surface was in the beginning of its civilization largely divested of its original forests and cane brakes by numerous slaves brought from South Carolina by its early and wealthy settlers. Before these slaves forests disappeared and fields were brought under cultivation on a large scale. When the forests were gone and the fields began to show bald spots, the tenants of the negro quarters had multiplied under a kind and paternal treatment at an amazing rate of increase. Most of the slave increase was transported, before freedom, to open and cultivate the alluvial lands west of the Mississippi, where they have since remained, and the abandoned surfaces of the ward deprived of their natural labor supply still to a large extent remain uncultivated. The vast surface of abandoned land, say 25,000 acres, is not worn out but a little tired from the slovenly farming of big slave plantations. This land can be bought at an average price of \$5.00 per acre, perhaps less and the second growth of pines, which clothe all the abandoned acres, will fence them. When fenced, at small additional outlay for fertilizers they can be made to produce a bale of cotton to the acre. Indeed it may be truthfully added that there are small spots, all over the ward, which by its natural strength will bring a bale to the acre.

Before closing my picture of the Seventh Ward it is but simple justice to add that, notwithstanding so many appearances of decay its climate and soil are as good as any; its moral and social march has been as healthy as any; its lofty ranges of highlands present as many temptations to the judicious home seekers, as can be found elsewhere in East Feliciana.

Yours, etc.,

H. SKIPWITH.

PIONEERS OF THE EIGHTH WARD.

When, in 1800, old Leonard Hornsby took passage on a flat boat and floated out of South Carolina down the head waters of the Tennessee river and around by the Ohio and Mississippi to Natchez, with all his father's slaves and herds, his household and kitchen outfit, his wagons, teams and agricultural implements, his gunsmith and his one-legged shoemaker, his big mastiffs, bull dogs and deer hounds, he was tolerably well equipped to plant and defend and expand an outpost in the vanguard of civilization, which he did in 1802 in the forks of Beaver Creek and the Amite river, to which his Anglo-Saxon love of running waters had attracted him. This outpost of the Hornsby's, in 1802, lies in the extreme corner of the Eighth Ward, and is now the property of Judge W. F. Kernan. When its site was selected there were none within hearing of his cock's crowing for day-break, except the sly, scheming foxes, thirsting for chanticleer's blood; none to hear the deep-mouthed baying of his big dogs, except the frightened bears, panthers, wolves and deer. No human being was nearer than old Mr. Farlow, a Georgian, who, with a hermit's love of solitude, had planted his solitary log cabin on the west side of Hepzibah Creek, about half a mile below the high hill, out of the sides of which gush the living waters as fresh and strong and life-giving as those which gushed from the rocks of Horeb when struck by Aaron's rod. The place is central and has had many different proprietors after old Mr. Furlow was put away in his grave. His immediate successor was Daniel Eads, of Kentucky, who constructed the first grist mill just above where Hepzibah Church now stands. Two other leaders of Eighth Ward society, Elisha Andrews and Major Doughty, followed Mr. Eads as proprietors of the Furlow place, and in 1812 or 1814 the Rev. Ezra Courtney, having organized a numerous Baptist congregation, selected the portion of the place lying on the east side of the creek for the site of a Baptist house of worship, to which was given the name of HEPHIZIBAH.

Furlow, Eads, Andrews and Doughty, after life's fitful fever, all sleep quietly in their graves, but the head waters of Hepzibah Creek still ripple and gurgle joyously by the foot of holy Hepzi-

bah Church, the congregation of which multiplied amazingly under the zealous ministrations of its venerable founder. It remained a harmonious brotherhood, without any family jars, except when old Chesley Jackson, one of Hephzibah's stock-holders, took it into his head to invite a Universalist named Rogers to preach in Hephzibah. This desecration of the Hephzibah pulpit by an unbaptized heretic who didn't believe in Sheol, was bitterly opposed by another body of organized Baptists, under the lead of that good Christian and citizen, Major Doughty, who locked the heretic out, and carried off the keys in their pockets. Then there was war in Hephzibah and the contending factions were not appeased until the Rev. H. D. F. Roberts, from Sumpter District, S. C., with a diploma from Columbia College, and Rev. Thomas Adams, an impassioned and learned divine, from Richland District, S. C., came to pour oil on the troubled waters. Under the impassioned appeals of these two missionaries the conscience of the eighth ward was stirred to its lowest depths and the list of Hephzibah members rapidly doubled. Perhaps it will add to the interest of my narrative to say that Mr. Roberts left the work here to serve a pulpit in a Tennessee church, where he reared four promising sons, of whom our esteemed fellow citizen, J. M. Roberts, Esq., was one, and all of whom have been, from time to time, members of eighth ward society, as guests of their father's older brothers, Messrs. William and Sylvester Dunn Roberts, both immigrants from Sumpter District, S. C. The Rev. Thos. Adams founded a home and raised a family on the banks of Pretty creek, and continued his ministrations in the East Feliciana church until his death near Clinton in 1859, where he was buried, and over his honored grave the congregations he had so faithfully served united in erecting a handsome monument.

After Furlow and Hornsby, the dim and scattered germs of Eighth Ward settlers were first recruited by John Chance and James Felps from Georgia, in 1803 and 1804, and probably by the ancestor of Jack, Booker and Smith Kent. Mr. Chance made his first clearing on the place in the Seventh ward on which in 1806 old Mr. Henry Dunn moved with his family and slaves. This John Chance became conspicuous in the annals of the Eighth Ward, for long and honorable services as a leader through its early struggles, and as the founder of a numerous and powerful family by his marriage with Miss Zilpha Doughty, who came into the ward in 1806 in company with her father, old Mr. Levi Doughty, from Darlington District, S. C. In the same fleet of flatboats which floated the Doughtys out of South Carolina, down the head waters of the Tennessee and through the perilous Muscle Shoals, down the Ohio and Mississippi to Natchez, came out of the same neighborhood a column of immigrants with their families, slaves and household goods; and

from Natchez, on foot and in wagons, probably along the same trace which old Leonard Hornsby blazed out in 1802, to the banks of Beaver creek, near which most of these colonists commenced their clearings. This large column of colonists coming into the ward in 1806, embraced the ancestors of the Dough-tys, Rentzs, Brians, Morgans and Whites, who used to tell their descendants some thrilling tales of hairbreadth escapes from shipwreck on the snags, sawyers and hidden rocks in the unknown channels of the French Broad, and how, appalled by the angry roar of the swift torrents, whirlpools and eddies of the Muscle Shoals, the immigrants from Darlington District landed their wives, little ones and slaves at the head of the Shoals and trusted the ark containing their herds, household and kitchen and plantation outfits to a skilled Indian pilot, who, standing with his long pole at the bow, with his squaw at the helm, would brave the dangers of the perilous passage while the the human passengers footed around the shoals by a "cut-off"

The Indian pilots brought most of the boats safely to the foot of the Shoals, but sometimes one would be wrecked and an outfit for a home in the wilderness would go to the bottom.

Of this band of neighbors immigrating from Darlington District to the Eighth Ward in 1806 there were some famous old pioneers who stamped the growing societies of the ward with the seal of their rugged, virtuous and useful characteristics. Old Mr. Levy D. ughty lived to extreme old age, and died honored and revered as a good citizen and Christian gentleman, by his friends and neighbors, the Stewarts, Humbles, and McAdams. Old John White, blacksmith, from Timmons-ville, S. C., founded the ancestral home of the Whites on the headquarters of Clear creek. He was the venerated sire of Mr. Eli White, who was the first born in the Clear creek home in 1807. In 1888 he was a venerable gentleman still reading the minion and agate of the New Orleans Picayune without glasses, and it was from his lips the writer obtained the following vivid picture of life in an immigrant family from 1807 to 1815: "I never," said he, "tasted meat, except bear, venison and an occasional panther steak, until I was a good sized boy. The only milk I ever tasted was my mothers's, until my father returned to South Carolina, and brought out with him one of grandfather's old cows. The dairy utensils my mother used were old fashioned, big bellied gourds, sawed in two, my only clothing until I reached twelve years of age, was a long shirt of coarse cotton cloth woven on mother's hand loom. I always went bare-footed, summer and winter, and my first pair of pants were obtained from mother, after pleading long and persistently. They were of the fruits of the same old hand loom, made in the old style with broad flap in front, a mile too big in the waist, and

couldn't be kept up without suspenders, for which there were no buttons." "These were very discouraging drawbacks," smilingly remarked the old man, "but father, who saw my dilemma, molded a set of buttons out of an old broken pewter spoon, and then I could wear my pants, and I was as proud as a peacock. Our farm in those days was a two acre patch which we planted in corn and sweet potatoes and cultivated with a little pony and a scooter plow with a wooden shovel board."

The venerable man who thus called from boyhood's memories these charming details of the simplicity and scanty luxuries of frontier life, was the sire of a family almost as numerous as Jacob carried into Egypt to make bricks for Pharaoh. In his eighty-third year, with intellect and all his faculties unimpaired, verily this Louisiana scion of a Darlington District stock was one of God's rarest physical conformations exceeding in preservation and endurance the average specimens of humanity in any other part of the globe.

There was another large column of immigrants starting from Darlington District in 1804 or 1805 voyaging by flatboats down the Tennessee and its headwaters for East Feliciana via Natchez, composed of the Scotts, Dunns, Perkins, Winters, Robins, McKneelys, all connected by intermarriages with the Scotts of South Carolina who were near kindred to the Scotts of Virginia, from whom the great Winfield Scott derived his birth. Though starting earlier than the column in which came old Levi Doughty and John White, they arrived in the eighth ward later, because, at the head of the Muscle Shoals they diverged in wagons from the river route around by Nashville and the Hermitage where they were hospitably entertained by "old Hickory." At the head of this last column was Lewis Perkins and his daughter Sarah, who was born in South Carolina in 1791, and his son James, born in the same State in 1800. When he reached the Eighth Ward in 1806, Mr. Lewis Perkins made his clearing on the banks of Little Beaver Creek, but soon abandoned it to remove to another clearing just above the line of demarkation, impelled by hereditary and very natural reluctance to live under monarchical government.

The clearing he abandoned on Little Beaver was soon afterwards developed by old Mr. William Stewart, of North Carolina, into a home for children who have grown up with the Ward and have always held an honorable place in its social ranks.

Coming back to old Mr. Lewis Perkins, who moved at such short notice out of the King of Spain's dominions in 1806; he lived but a short time in his last home, and died, leaving Sarah Perkins, at fifteen years, at the head of the orphaned family. Notwithstanding her mother was a sister of Mrs. Henry Dunn, who lived just below the line, a close neighbor to the orphaned family, all the cares of her two young brothers devolved upon

the inexperienced girl of fifteen years. Young as she was her trust was discharged with good judgment and conscientious care and won the lasting gratitude of her young brothers. She married, in 1817, a worthy and handsome young gentleman from Georgia, named Louis Talbert, with whom she reared a large and honored family; but even after the added cares of a growing family began to exact much of her time and duty, she still clung with motherly tenacity to the two boys entrusted to her by her father at his death bed. This magnificent specimen of the highest type of womanhood died in 1888 in full possession of her faculties which, unimpaired, had withstood the storms of a rough world for *ninety-seven* years.

The two brothers, whose early boyhood she had so sedulously guarded and so intelligently guided, took high position in society when they became men. Doctor James Perkins became a famous physician, and so much beloved, that he, an old line whig, was elected by a strong Democratic society to the State Senate in 1844. During his term of service, in an investigation of the notorious Plaquemine fraud, by which John Slidell, of the Tammany New York school, and not in any sense a Louisianian, stole the vote of the State from Mr. Clay, Dr. Perkins was chairman of the committee selected by the senate to investigate the alleged frauds. His searching and incisive scrutiny into the rottenness revealed many facts hitherto unsuspected, and which never have been refuted. His fame as a scientific practitioner of the abstruse mysteries of the healing art has been rivalled by his son, Dr. Lewis G. Perkins, and his two grandsons, Drs. James and Harry Kilbourne, the last of whom left Clinton a short while ago, full of youthful promise and bright aspirations, to practise his profession in the parish of Morehouse. He carried with him the loving wishes and fond predictions of the young and the old of his native town, and when the wires announced that he had fallen a victim to malaria, there was not in his native town a family circle without sorrow, nor an eye undimmed by a tear.

There have been many fine old characters and families which have been powerful in shaping the trend of Eighth Ward society, and the names of the Stewarts, Kents, Humbles, Geraldts, Rogers, McAdams and Woodwards are intimately connected with its social annals. I regret my inability, from lack of authentic data, to give them a notice better proportioned to their social standing and merit.

As a faithful chronicler I cannot close my sketch without narrating my last interview with another of the ward's best known landmarks. A lady, fit to be the mother of a race of heroes and statesmen, who came into the ward as Miss Zilpha Doughty, from South Carolina, and after rearing a large family as the wife of John Chance, of Georgia, was left a widow with

a large household to take care of. During the war a Mississippi regiment under orders for Port Hudson camped near my house in the suburbs of Clinton one stormy night; the wind blew almost a hurricane and the rain came down in torrents. In the morning the half-drowned, shivering soldiers flocked around my kitchen fires for warmth and food, and all my scanty store were devoured by the hungry crowd. In my distress at finding my family without food, I thought of the never empty smokehouse of my thrifty old friend, Mrs. Zilpha Chance. She, compassionating my destitution, took me to her smokehouse, in which the meat was assorted in three piles. She pointed to the largest pile, saying, "That is for the Confederacy; nobody can get that." "That," pointing to the smallest pile, she said, "is for my own use." Looking closely at the size of the third pile, she hesitatingly remarked: "Well, I reckon you can get 150 pounds out of the pile at two bits a pound." The bargain was struck, the meat weighed and loaded into my wagon. When ready to leave, I pulled out a roll of "Greenbacks" to settle for the meat. The grand old dame (I can see her now) folded her arms with imposing dignity, but with an eye fiery with withering scorn, exclaimed: "I have never yet touched that hateful money, and have no use for it now. If you can pay me in Confederate money, I will take it, because I can pay my taxes with it." I stood humiliated and rebuked in the presence of a "mother in Israel" who regulated her duties to the State by such elevated and patriotic rules of action. Pondering over the memorable scene, as I rode home, I wondered how many women like Mrs. Chance and her neighbor, Mrs. Talbert, would it take to make a "small State great?" Ten years ago I met a matron whose maxims and rules of conduct were closely akin to the exalted standard held up by her near neighbors, Mrs. Chance and Mrs. Talbert. She was probably a pupil of these two grand exemplars; my last allusion is to Mrs. Andrew White.

The Eighth Ward, like all the others, except the first and third, has large areas of abandoned, uncultivated fields, which once furnished luxury and plenty to the old slaveholders. Most of these have gone to render their last account, and their former slaves have migrated to newer and fresher soils, and their once spacious and comfortable homes await tenants with labor and capital to restore and make productive the cheap abandoned fields around them. Abounding as this ward does in bold streams of living waters, which empty into the Amite river, its eastern boundary, or into Beaver creek, its northern boundary, or into Sandy creek, its western boundary, its surface presents a broad scope of cheap and fertile lands, blessed with an unfailing water supply, and along its boundary streams and along its small tributaries as well, namely, Poole's creek,

Clear creek and Hephzibah creek are to be found many small parcels of land which will produce without fertilizing a bale of cotton to the acre.

The mention of Clear creek in the foregoing paragraph reminds me that I have omitted any reference to a large, powerful and growing body of Methodists, who have constructed a commodious house of worship on the banks of that stream.

In a preceding sketch the men of East Feliciana have been described as faithful and loyal to law, in times of peace; and dauntless in war; and ever prompt, as in 1814, when the British landed at Lake Borgne; as in 1846 when the Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande, and as in 1861, when the rights of their state was encroached upon, *ever prompt to bare the freeman's arm to strike for the freeman's home!* Three levies, *en masse* without any summons but the natural pulse beats of native patriotism. Three grand spectacles full of cheerful promise and hope to the patriot's heart! But there remains a *fourth* pregnant with still grander and more sublime significance. Although their homes were sacked by many a pilfering raid; although every house in the parish mourned its dead, whose bones lie bleaching on the battle fields of the war of the rebellion; as soon as the tocsin of war ceased to be heard in the disturbed land, this warlike population, charmed by the sweet music of the peaceful church bells on the Hallowed Day flocked to the shrines of a pure faith whose inspiration is "Peace and good will" and renouncing on their knees, the thirst for vengeance, the hatred and discords of four years of civil strife, solemnly renewed their vows of fidelity to a reunited country.

With a few more words my sketch of East Feliciana and its social life will come to a close. I know this announcement will be hailed with pleasure by some few prejudiced critics who have already been complaining that "his old legends tire the ear; they are but the tedious twaddle of a garrulous old man." As a class critics are not a new or original type of casuists. Nineteen hundred years ago their prototypes thronged the streets of Jerusalem, injecting into the ears of the warfarers their venomous sneers by asking, "Is not this the Carpenter's son? Can any good come out of Nazareth?" From such a prejudiced judgment seat, I turn to a generous, fair minded public and ask their verdict; whether my work has been skillfully or bunglingly performed? If their unfavorable conclusions are fairly deducible from my writings, then I have raked among the consecrated ashes of our ancestors, in vain. Against such unfriendly conclusions I still maintain, that homage for the ancestral dead is an instinct still alive in the breasts of all except sordid, mean, unworthy people. An orator; seeking to warm the heart of his generation to some heroic deed of self-sacrifice, always points back to the tombs and monuments which en-

shrine the dust of the great chiefs who have served the state, in camp or in council; so too, have I, in the name of our Huguenot and Carolina ancestors, who founded our society, appealed to the living to be worthy of the dead. In such an appeal I pay but merited homage to the rough-hewn symbols and images of frontier life, which, if a little too rude for imitation in a smoother and more polished civilization, are, nevertheless, admirable in my eyes as images of Truth, Honor and Patriotism.

I have tried to picture a good land, the home of good people, with good soil, good climate, good laws, good churches and schools; if my picture fails to attract the home seekers, with capital and labor, in that case I shall confess that my aim has not been achieved. Such a confession will be made with deep regret, but without humiliation, for I honestly feel that I have done my best. With a sanguine hope for better results,

I am, etc.,

H. SKIPWITH.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF CLINTON.

In my sketch of the pioneers of the Fifth Ward of East Feliciana, which, with a similar sketch of the other seven wards of the parish is now in the hand of the publishers nearly ready for publication in book form, but a short incidental glance of the town of Clinton was given. This notable omission has elicited some sharp, unfavorable, and I believe merited criticism.

In atonement for an omission which assumes the complexion of intentional neglect and injustice to a widely known and renowned seat of educational, social and religious development, my only apology is that Clinton is the creation of circumstances in A. D. 1824; whereas, the pioneers who made the first clearings within the border lines which now mark the boundaries of the Fifth Ward, came into the ward in 1795, 1803-4-5 and 6.

As a full compensation for my omission I offer to His Honor, the Mayor, and town council of Clinton, the following reliable history of the origin and progress of their town, which is also intended as a supplement to the sketch of "The Pioneers of the Fifth Ward."

Tha oldest seat of population, commerce and education in East Feliciana is undoubtedly the town of Jackson, which in its palmiest of metropolitan days was the seat of justice of a County bounded on the east by the Perdido river, forty miles east of Mobile Bay; on the north by the line of demarkation

established during General Washington's administration by American and Spanish commissioners; on the south by the sea coast, and on the west by the Mississippi river. The biggest county ever laid out since the days of the original thirteen states, and its magnitude existed at a day before steamboats, railroads, telegraphs and telephones. But, alas! as not many years after the creation of the big "County of Feliciana," with Jackson as its metropolis, Alabama budded from a territorial hoyden into a full grown State and wanted an outlet to the sea, that part of the big county which included Mobile city and bay was added to the dowry of the new comer into the family of states; and so, likewise, when the Territory of Mississippi applied for admission as a State, and all the old county of Feliciana which lay eastward of the Pearl river between Mobile and Pascagoula, Biloxi, Pass Christian and Bay St. Louis were all wrested out of the county of Feliciana to give our neighbors access to the sea when she was admitted into statehood; and thus crumbled away the vast territory under the county jurisdiction of which our ancient and venerable neighbor, Jackson, was the metropolis.

Between 1813 and 1824 the big county was further dismembered by the creation of the parishes of St. Tammany, Washington, St. Helena and Livingston, thus reducing the county to the small territory on which the parishes of East and West Feliciana are now seated, and in 1824 the state government, impelled by complaints that the floods and quick sands of Thompsons creek established a barrier to the speedy and cheap course of justice; created the Parishes of East and West Feliciana, with instructions to the Police Jury of the Eastern Parish to establish its seat of justice in the centre of the parish. The commissioners ascertained by actual survey the centre, in the middle of an old worn out field about two and a half miles west of Clinton, the old field being entirely destitute of forest or fountain. The commissioners selected the site for the parish seat on which Clinton now stands, because it was well watered by perennial springs and by Pretty creek, and wooded by dense forests of pine and hard woods all around it.

Two western mechanics and speculators, John Bostwick and George Sebor, were the actual, not mythical founders of Clinton after it was selected as the seat of justice for the parish. They bought most of the land now within the corporate limits—they built a small temporary courthouse, jail, and hotel, and laid out the streets and squares of a large city in the prospective.

The writer came into Clinton in 1825 from where Wilson now stands by narrow bridle paths, all through dense cane thickets, extending after fording Pretty creek to the top of the hill on which the livery stable now stands. Around the court-

house square there were two frame houses used as country stores and saloons, and between Carow's corner and Mr. Henry Hartner's dwelling, there stood in 1825, the dwelling of the original proprietor (Louis Yarborough) and his family. The fertile and extensive back country east of Clinton soon attracted mercantile enterprise and merchants reaped golden harvests; the disputes between landed proprietors, questions of boundary and the right of way, and the more vigorous collection of debts soon brought into the Forensic arena just opened a large body of intellectual recruits from the law schools all over the Union; and old Tully Robinson (the father of the East Feliciana bar), who had been sent out early in the century by President Jefferson as U. S. District Attorney for the Territory of Orleans, and who, after the Territory of Orleans became the State of Louisiana, clung to the county of Feliciana, as the last appanage of his official realm and made his home at the new seat of justice, found himself bearded by a guild of lawyers his equals in all the wire drawn arts of professional skill, though the old settler still held all his rivals at bay in the brilliant science of rhetorical display. Among the aspiring spirits who first flocked to Clinton in search of professional laurels were Lafayette Saunders, who held the parish judgeship and state senatorship, and would have been, had he lived until March 4th, 1849, a member of General Taylor's first cabinet;—Thomas L. Andrews,—John R. Bullard, James H. Muse,—Edwin T. Merrick (afterwards Chief Justice of Louisiana)—Thornton Lawson (afterwards District Judge) and R. W. Short, the two last having engaged in a personal controversy which was ended in a duel at Kellertown in which Short met his death at the first fire. Take these all in all the first generation of the East Feliciana bar stood unrivalled in Louisiana, as able, adroit and eloquent advocates, and the second generation of lawyers held up bravely the brilliant record of the first. Among the leading spirits of the second generation were such masters of the art of rhetorical fire works as the late Colonel Preston Pond, the late Judge John McVea and the late Judge Charles McVea, Judge J. G. Kilbourne and Judge W. F. Kernan, all graduates of the old college of Louisiana at Jackson, or of old "Centenary."

With such a brilliant Society of Intellectual Athletes it is no wonder that churches and schools were the first wants of a community fast growing in refinement and numbers. And with the co-operation of Clinton's old time merchants Clinton grew and prospered amazingly. The religious societies, spying a new, populous and unredeemed field of effort, soon added their mite to the moral leverage which was leavening the precincts of the new court house; churches went up on every spare lot, and "old

Grocery Row," a second edition of "Natchez Under The Hill," went down. And now, Clinton of to day has a Bar, though not so numerous, is probably as gifted as its brilliant ante types of the first and second generations, and to-day the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics (I name them in the order of their coming) have each a handsome, roomy and commodious house of worship. And in proof that educational development is keeping even step with religious development, there are in Clinton to-day a prosperous and growing boys' school in which youths are thoroughly grounded in all the walks of knowledge leading to a complete collegiate course of study,—and an institute for girls, with more than a hundred pupils, who are being as thoroughly educated in all the ornamental and useful branches of knowledge, as they could be in better endowed, and more pretentious seats of education.

In a closing paragraph I desire to submit a few additional remarks essential to round off a faithful SKETCH OF THE TOWN OF CLINTON.

East and south of Clinton, there are at least 100,000 acres of cleared fields and forests now idle, waste and unproductive for want of a sufficient labor supply. All this area forms a back country naturally tributary to Clinton commerce, in which Clinton has no competitors; when all these broad and fertile acres are stimulated to their highest productive capacity by intelligent farming and abundant labor and capital, Clinton will become the "entrepot" for a fifty thousand bale crop, which will surely attract mercantile and manufacturing capital and enterprise. The distribution of the contents of the Western granaries and smoke houses to a laboring population sufficient to make fifteen thousand bales, will add enormously to our commercial ventures.

A centre for the distribution of such large quantities of raw material will, as surely as the Pole attracts the needle, attract capital to start a cotton seed oil mill, a compress, and a first-class cotton factory, for Clinton will then furnish water fuel and raw material to run machinery cheap and keep machinery well fed all the year round.

When commerce swells, when agriculture multiplies, when the town is alive with steam whistles and the ceaseless run of busy lucrative machinery, with a railroad equal to all its needs, the dream of its founders and the hopes of this witer will have been fulfilled.

H. SKIPWITH.

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"SUPPLEMENTARY SKETCH OF CLINTON."

Since the foregoing appeared in "*The Southern Watchman*" of December 19th, 1890, an old neighbor and friend who is like myself on the shady side of seventy, has pointed out a number of notable omissions.

FIRST. In my sketch of the educational advantages of Clinton it was an important, and unpardonable omission not to mention the Finishing school for young ladies' of that renowned and beloved educator Mrs. Sallie Munday, which was founded as an Academy many years ago by the mother of Admiral Gherarde, and which under Mrs. Munday's able superintendency has grown in popularity and usefulness, until, its capacity is heavily taxed to give proper attention to the large number of boarders and day scholars applying for admission.

SECOND. The names of many of the lawyers who graced the early Clinton bar, and who have since made famous names and National reputations were omitted in my incomplete and hasty enumeration of the leading spirits of the early Clinton bar.

Among those omitted were General E. W. Ripley, who after having perfected the system of defences for the Louisiana coasts, retired from the army, with a bullet through his neck received at the famous and bloody battle of Bridgewater; and resumed the practice of his profession (the law), and in partnership with Charles M. Conrad afterwards Senator and Cabinet Minister, made Clinton his field of professional effort. There too, old James Turner, renowned for his adroit methods of saving criminals from deserved punishment, and A. D. M. Haralson, the States brilliant prosecuting officer, used to come out to Clinton to shiver lances with such expert fencers as U. S. Senator Solomon W. Downes. Joseph E. Johnson and Isaac Johnson, afterwards Governor and District Judge. In the midst of this throng of bright, aspiring intellects, might be seen the burly towering form of James M. Bradford, who started the first newspaper West of the Alleghanys at the "Falls of the Ohio," the voice of Mr. Bradford, when pleading a case was as loud as the voice of Mahomet's, uncle in the midst of the battles around Mecca; from this distinguishing characteristic he obtained the nickname of "Bull Bradford."

THIRD. Reuben Washington Short, adopted son of Lund Washington, was not killed at Kellertown, as was stated in the original sketch; he only lost the plated ruffles on his shirt bosom instead of his life.

FOURTH. James Holmes; who married a daughter of the grand old Pioneer Baptist Missionary, Ezra Courtney; was part owner with Bostwick of the site of Clinton, and George Sebor was their architect and constructor.

FIFTH. Thomas W. Scott, a farmer, was appointed by Governor Thomas Bolling Robertson, the first Parish Judge, instead of Sheriff as he petitioned to be, always upright, modest and conscientious, he had written, and mailed a letter of declination, to the governor, but his friends overruled him and influenced him to accept an office, which was never more satisfactorily filled, than it was by the honest unpretending farmer.

SIXTH. I omitted to include in my museum of "*antiques*" the small brick building in the Court house square, which is now the office of the Mayor of Clinton, but which, until the new Court house was finished in 1838, served as the office of the Parish Judge and Clerk.

H. SKIPWITH.





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